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HOLIDAY TRAVEL

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The Latin American Awakening

THE swing towards democracy in Latin America is a hopeful trend in an age in which the concept of parliamentary government is increasingly under challenge. Military dictators once seemed a permanent and inevitable feature of the continent's political life. Now only three remain, in Paraguay, Nicaragua and Dominica, and their chances of survival seem slim. The pace of the democratic revolution has accelerated since the downfall of Peron in 1955, but the movement goes back nearly 20 years and springs from radical changes in the structure of Latin American society. The old alliance between the soutane, the dollar and the sword—the triple pillars on which the military regimes rested—has broken up. With the growth of a unionised urban proletariat, and a large, articulate middle class, the Church can no longer afford to ignore public opinion, and in Colombia, Venezuela and Cuba it played an important role in restoring democracy. The armed forces, too, are abandoning the tradition of the *pronunciamento*.

Both these forces, which have no ideological preconceptions, but which prefer to work with governments which are stable and efficient, have deserted dictatorships simply because the dictators are no longer viable. In recent months, the United States, somewhat reluctantly, has come to the same conclusion. Though Washington's fear of Latin American Communism remains, the lesson of Vice-President Nixon's tour has been learnt. The old policy of conserving cheap and easy access to the continent's raw materials by buying off the dictators with arms and military missions will no longer work. Henceforth, the United States will negotiate with its southern neighbours on something like equal terms and on a commercial basis.

It would be unwise, however, to be complacent about the future of Latin America, or to judge recent developments there by our own political criteria. The mere freedom to vote is not the only, or even the most important, factor in creating social democracy in a continent where illiteracy is over 40 per cent., where the disparity of wealth is greater than anywhere else in the world, and where individual corporations are sometimes more powerful than governments. Universal suffrage has often tended, in the past, to benefit only the middle class or even the big landowners. Parliamentary regimes have been overthrown not merely with the consent, but with the active participation of the workers. The radical dictator is a valid concept in Latin America. Peron enormously strengthened the Argentine working class. Batista had some support from organised labour until the last year of his rule. Even General Trujillo, the most hated of all the dictators, has introduced a new wage-structure which has drawn favourable comment from the ICFTU.

These paradoxes spring from a basic unbalance in the development of Latin American working-class politics. In the last two decades, the unions have achieved real bargaining power; but there has been no parallel growth of a political wing, capable of fighting and winning elections on a working-class programme. Hence the energies of the working-class have been concentrated on economic advance. There has been a tendency to by-pass political institutions and to rely, for social change, upon paternalist but authoritarian governments. Hence, it is not surprising that the unions have often preferred to deal with a dictator, dependent on their compliance, rather than with a formally representative government dominated by landowners, industrialists and their lawyers.

With the spread of political education, this unhealthy trend can gradually be corrected. In the meantime, Latin American Socialists look to the British Labour movement as an example of a balanced and effective working-class alliance. It is a pity that Labour does not show a similar interest in Latin America. Its record in office was unhappy—it was Ernest Bevin who, in 1948, authorised the sale of destroyers and jets to save Trujillo from his subjects—and since then, like most of the world, it has remained indifferent. The international Socialist movement is desperately in need of new stimulus and new faith. The political awakening of Latin America offers it a chance to convert an entire continent—for nowhere is Socialist economic theory more relevant. The alternative prospect is that organised labour in Latin America may one day do a deal with Communists as they once did with the caudillos.

Comments on the Week's News

Shortening Odds at Geneva

For the first time since the Geneva test-ban conference opened, the West has made a major concession. By withdrawing their insistence that continuation of test-suspension be conditional on progress in other fields of disarmament, the Americans have removed an obstacle which would almost certainly have proved fatal to the talks. The concession was not unexpected, for the British have always regarded this proviso as unrealistic. Now only three really substantial obstacles, and one imponderable, remain. The first obstacle is the western insistence on an annual renewal of the ban; but this is unlikely to stand if further progress is made on the control provisions. Moreover, the Russians would probably accept a five-year renewal period – a suggestion which has been informally discussed among the British delegation. The second and third are the composition of the observer groups manning the fixed posts and the voting procedure for the dispatch of mobile inspection teams. The Russians insist that the teams be composed of nationals from the country to be inspected, with the exception of one foreign observer. This, of course, undermines the principle of control, but there seems no reason why the West should not go some way to meet Russian suspicions by suggesting a formula of three nationals to every foreigner, the latter to be selected by the UN on a neutral basis. The disagreement on voting is more serious, because of its psychological echos of the Security Council deadlock. But here again, a compromise is possible. The imponderable element is the apparent US attempt to upset the technical basis of the talks by submitting a memorandum challenging the findings of the August scientists' conference. It is to be hoped the Americans will not press this point. As Professors Seymour Melman and Jay Orear (who led the Columbia study group on inspection systems) point out in an important letter to the *New York Times*, the August conference specifically took note of limitations on detection and stressed that the system would undergo constant revision. Indeed, this is precisely the point of the inspection teams, whose field work will automatically lead to modifications in the fixed post techniques.

The Price of Suez

Whatever the details of the Cairo agreement (and whatever the precise cause of the last minute delay in its formal signing), its very existence must prove an embarrassment to the government. Mr Macmillan and his attendant press may claim that the invasion of Egypt in 1956 was justified, but the facts prove otherwise. On the credit side – from the point of view of the present government's foreign policy – was the destruction of a large quantity of Egyptian military equipment, much of it Communist supplied. On the debit side it seems fair to enter the following items: (1) A public and most humiliating demonstration to the world that the British forces are now incapable of mounting any considerable naval or airborne operation without US permission and help. (2) A rebuff by the UN which only just stopped short of labelling Britain as an aggressor. (3) A total cost which can be reasonably computed as about £780m (including the drain on the Sterling Area reserves) – or something like 25 times the cost of the groundnut scheme. (4) The loss of our remaining rights over the Canal base. (5) The bolstering of Colonel Nasser's internal position and the strengthening of his economic ties with the Communist world. (6) The loss of critically important trade in both directions. Nothing can be done to retrieve our losses under the first four of these headings. As for the fifth, Nasser, with all his drawbacks, remains for the present the best hope for good relations between the UAR and the West. Thanks to a more constructive approach by the State Department since the *bêtise* of July 1956, he is once again taking a more cordial attitude towards the western powers. The present agreement partly reflects this improving atmosphere and is partly, no doubt, a response to American pressure that Mr Selwyn Lloyd should not be allowed to continue undermining the position of the western alliance in the Middle East. The formal signing of the agreement will be accompanied by hints – electorally important in areas at present hit by unemployment – that a resumption of our lost trade will follow. Such hints are likely to be proved false. No doubt there will be some increase in demands for British-made capital equipment resulting from the release of sterling balances; but in consumer goods most of our previous trade has, since Suez, gone to the Germans, and there is no reason to think we can easily get it back; while Egyptian cotton, at least for the next two years, is almost entirely earmarked for eastern Europe. The government, it seems, is being proved even more wrong than most people thought.

The Next to Go

The Prime Minister of formerly French-ruled Laos has emulated de Gaulle almost to the last detail. He has divested his assembly of powers, and is to prepare a new (and presumably authoritarian) constitution within a year. Not being a de Gaulle, however, he will avoid submitting his new constitution to a popular referendum. One reason is that the Laos Communists showed last year in by-elections that they are winning the support of the voters. Laos is an example of a tiny Asian kingdom where an outdated feudalism is giving Communism – aided by the neighbouring Vietminh – a real chance. It is doubtful whether the present Prime Minister has the strength or will to carry through much-needed changes. The one encouraging sign in Laos is the emergence of a group of young officials and officers bent on reform. Under the name of the Committee for Defending National Interests they now have two representatives in the government; and it is they who have influenced the Premier to emasculate the largely reactionary and corrupt assembly. If he does not go on to remedy the social and economic stagnation in Laos, which has been playing into the hands of the Communists, we may see yet another military take-over in Asia.

NEXT WEEK

Australia Today

A special Supplement by KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Algerian Tragedy

By R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Teachers Agree

If, as seems probable, the delegate conference of the National Union of Teachers agrees to accept the offer of a five per cent. increase in salaries, the new pay scales will come into force on 1 February. It was the refusal of the delegate conference to accept this offer in November – after it had been approved by the union's executive – that led to deadlock and delay. Once again, the NUT executive has recommended acceptance, and it seems that the conference on Saturday will agree this time: the majority against the executive was small on the last occasion and since then one concession has been secured which should tip the balance. The local authorities have now agreed to consider a new claim before April 1960: in November they insisted that the teachers must wait at least until that date before a further increase could be considered. The teachers have thus lost, by sticking out, about £1m which they would otherwise have received in the course of this month. They may feel that this loss will be offset by winning another increase at an earlier date, but that new claim has yet to be presented and settled. Until that happens, it is difficult to judge whether the tactics imposed by the delegate conference have been successful.

The Worst of Both Worlds

The Labour Party is preparing to mount a strong attack on the government's largely technical decision to amalgamate transferable with American sterling. The effect of this move is to permit foreign holders of sterling to demand dollars against their holdings, regardless of their nationality. Purely as a symbol of the continuing drift towards a pre-war 'banker-controlled' economy, this step is significant. In real terms, however, it makes little difference. The Bank of England was already changing Finnish sterling for dollars; and the new provision does little more than give formal sanction to what has been the fact for the past three years. Moreover, the government has a ready retort to a Labour attack on this narrow front. The formal convertibility which would follow the abolition of the western European payments system might help towards agreement between the Common Market countries and the rest of OEEC, including Britain, on a non-discriminatory relaxation of tariffs and quotas. Since the opposition carefully refrained from attacking the principle of a free trade area, it cannot now complain with much logic about convertibility. The truth is that the British proposals for a free trade area are much more inimical to purposeful economic planning than the Common Market project, which at least harmonises the economic policies of its members and promotes planned investment. The Labour Party is in danger of launching its tactical offensive against the government in such a way as to seem to advocate the worst of both worlds.

The Doctors' Dilemma

The unsatisfactory position of general medical practice under the National Health Service has once again been emphasised by the extraordinary way in which the British Medical Association has repudiated a report prepared at its own request by Sir Frank Newsam, a retired senior civil servant of distinction. The BMA has never willingly accepted the fact that pre-war general practice,

with its freedom from control and strong bias towards commercialism, has gone for good; and by its refusal to encourage doctors to co-operate wholeheartedly in the national health scheme it has done a disservice to both the community and the profession. The doctors may well have a grievance about pay (as in greater measure have many other health workers), but unrealistic threats to withdraw services, which have figured prominently in the BMA's armoury, have not proved an effective means of dealing with the problem. It might have been hoped that the BMA had sensed the futility of this approach when, after the pay controversy and withdrawal threats of 1957, it decided that a full and independent investigation should be carried out 'by someone of recognised eminence and authority'. Sir Frank Newsam was given the assignment, with the question-begging terms of reference 'to investigate any deficiencies in, and frustrations arising from, the present scheme for providing family doctors' services in the National Health Service, and to suggest practical modifications or alternative schemes'. His report, published in last week's *British Medical Journal*, has drawn heavy fire from the BMA council and even heavier editorial castigation. Sir Frank has not given the answers his sponsors wanted. He has told them bluntly that the National Health Service is here to stay and that 'it is unrealistic of doctors to think of withdrawing from the National Health Service'. He even suggested that 'the medical profession, in years to come, when their freedom is assured, may decide that a salaried basis, rightly safeguarded, is best'.

Sitting on Public Money

The Infantile Paralysis Fellowship is not the only public charity, handling large sums of money, which is 'dilatory, cumbersome, and inefficient', to quote the report of the commission of inquiry which has brought the Fellowship's affairs into the news. There are other cases, too, in which the emphasis is on 'the actual raising of money, with too little effective thought on how it should be spent.' One of the imponderables in all social work is the jealousy and touchiness of almost any two charitably-minded people, with the same excellent objectives but radically divergent views on the right way of achieving them; and it is a common result of this inhibiting influence in committee rooms that, for long periods, nothing effectual is done with the money being gathered in by the 'appeals organiser'. There is nothing criminal or in any way fraudulent about this, but it happens far too often; and the fact that it can go on until a spirited chairman like Lord Shrewsbury must at last set up a committee of inquiry to bring the whole story out into the open, shows that organisations of this kind are not sufficiently within the control of the public, who, after all, put up the bulk of the money. Because the police to some extent control the allocation of funds collected on flag days, many people erroneously believe that there is some similar check on the money obtained by every other means.

Centralism in Ghana

Mr Kojo Botsio is not only Ghana's Minister of External Affairs, but also secretary of the central committee of the Convention People's Party. When, therefore, he told a conference last week that it was ideological heresy for party members of the trade unions to elect a non-party worker as leader of their organisation, he was revealing the mind of both Ghana's government and its main political party. It has been clear for some time that the idea of centralism which has been dominant in Ghanaian politics was gaining ground in the trade union movement also. Some critics will see this close link between the trade unions, the party and the state as further evidence of Ghanaian autocracy. But, as with all recent events in Ghana, much of the truth lies hidden beneath the surface. The official attitude towards the trade unions must be measured against widespread corruption among trade union officials. So long as Nkrumah bases his policy on a determination to clean up such practices, he will be accorded sympathy; but the obvious danger is that in order to deal with an abuse, he may destroy the liberties of trade unionism.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

De Gaulle versus Soustelle?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The installation of the new government attracted a vast crowd. Those who watched, however, rated it a tremendous bore. M. Debré who, with his 450 majority, has no need to win friends or influence people, made a dull, dry speech – rather like a professor of political science lecturing a local authority summer school. Nobody protested against his retrograde thesis that, in the interests of 'national unity', all the major problems which confront the government should be 'de-politicised'. Sadder than this, however, was the spectacle of M. Debré firmly shutting the door against negotiations with the FLN, by repeating that de Gaulle's offer of a safe-conduct for the FLN leaders to come to Paris to fix a cease-fire was final.

But is it? Here, indeed, lies the mystery. De Gaulle, after all, is the man who is really in charge, and he made it reasonably clear last week that he is prepared to compromise on negotiations. For the past few days, the *couloirs* of the Palais Bourbon have been buzzing with rumours of a split in the government, and there has certainly been a great deal of manœuvres and counter-manœuvres behind the scenes. But only two facts seem clear. First, de Gaulle and his Cabinet wanted to invest the clemency measures towards the Algerian prisoners with political significance, and so introduce a 'thaw' in Franco-Arab relations. Secondly, M. Soustelle, supported by M. Debré and the vast majority of the UNR, have tried – successfully so far – to limit the extent of the amnesty and to suppress any cease-fire offer likely to be acceptable to the FLN.

Thanks to an 'indiscretion' on the part of de Gaulle's staff, *France-Soir* has revealed that, at the Cabinet meeting prior to the opening of the Assembly session, de Gaulle had a sharp altercation with Debré on the interpretation of his offer to the FLN, and also with M. Guillaumat, who maintained that the army would accept no policy short of 'total pacification' (i.e., war). M. Soustelle, on the other hand, ensured that the clemency measures were prematurely leaked, and that the radio gave Debré's version of what the cease-fire offer meant.

Most commentators here believe the Soustelle-Debré wing will win, because, though they can't stop de Gaulle making his peace moves, they can ensure that they fail. It is also argued that de Gaulle, who stands or falls by his status as symbol of French national unity, will not in the last resort accept a violent conflict with such a powerful section of his followers. Soustelle, it is said, knows this and is taking full advantage of it. Against this, there are the arguments of the Gaullist progressives. They point out that de Gaulle is much smarter than he seems, and usually gets his own way in the end. Take, they say, the conflict between General Salan and Colonel Bigeard. Last August, to most people's surprise, he backed Salan and permitted Bigeard's recall to France. But today, five months later, Bigeard once more commands one of the main sectors of the front, and Salan has been kicked upstairs to Paris. The extremist colonels, Trinquier, Thomaso, Lacheroy, etc., have been moved from Algiers, while General Gambiez, regarded as pro-Arab, commands all western Algeria.

This latter argument is not entirely convincing. What, I think, is likely to secure victory for de Gaulle's point of view is not so much his tactics as the prevailing mood among the French industrial power-elite. De Gaulle may not be, as *L'Humanité* maintains, the spokesman of French high finance, but he undoubtedly lends an ear to their opinions. And, on the subject of Algeria, their unanimity is impressive: integration is a farce, continuation of the war an economic disaster, peace a financial necessity.

Rangoon

The Constitutional Soldier

Our Correspondent in Burma writes: The big question now being discussed here is whether General Ne Win's government should or will continue after the expiry of the originally proposed six months. U Ba Swe, leading a faction of the AFPLF, the governing coalition which broke up in April last year, has declared that his faction would not seek to enter office except through new general elections, and would support any move to keep General Ne Win in office for a further term of six months.

The civilian government led by General Ne Win has been doing a good job these last two months. The general has hand-picked eight senior civil servants and judges – most of them having passed the retirement age – for his Cabinet, partly, doubtless, to emphasise the fact that his is not a military administration. To inject new life and confidence into the rather tired and confused civil administration, however, the army 'lends' its able young colonels to the key departments, each colonel with an objective to achieve in the very limited time that remains. Two main tasks are security, for which Colonel Maung Maung is generally the co-ordinator, and the bringing down of the cost of living, for which Colonel Aung Gyi is the co-ordinator. Then there is Colonel Tun Sein, the municipal commissioner for Rangoon, who is charged with cleaning up the city and with the resettlement of the thousands of refugees who crowd the slums; Colonel Kyi Win, at the Department of Agriculture, promises to double rice production in the near future; Colonel Khin Nyo, responsible for the railways, has started night runs from Rangoon to Mandalay for the first time since 1941; Colonel Lwin helps out with intelligence, and encourages people to give information leading to the capture of hidden arms or hiding insurgents; Colonel Ba Than directs policy in the Information Ministry; Colonel Chit Myaing pushes forward with national registra-

tion which, when completed in the next few months, will help to discover illegal immigrants; Colonel Chit Khine is trying to weed party politics out of the trade unions; Colonels Aye Cho and Barber are with the industrial development corporation; Commodore Than Pe helps out with inland water transport; Brigadier Tin Pe is with the housing board. This far from exhaustive list indicates the fields of activity in which the army has launched out on the executive level, while political power remains vested in the civilian cabinet and parliament.

One happy feature of the caretaker government is its respect for the constitution and parliament. U Nu, leading his factional government for three months after the AFPFL split, felt compelled to pass the budget by presidential ordinance. Ne Win promptly convened parliament to pass the budget in the regular way and has so far refrained from making any law by ordinance. To all appearances parliament will meet as usual in February, to be dissolved at session's end, so that the new elections may be held in April. If that is done, and General Ne Win hands back power to the party which wins the majority, he will have shown the people what a good efficient government can do to serve them.

Fleet Street

Caucasian Eagle

For Fleet Street, as for the American press, Anastas Mikoyan was big news. 'Atom Test on Mik's Corn Flakes'; 'Mr Mik Starts a Thaw'; 'The Russian at the White House'; 'Mikoyan In Search of Trade'; finally, as a dramatic finale, 'Mr Mik's Plane on Fire'. Splash sub-editors have never had it better. But what about those more thoughtful characters in the leader writers' rooms? One theme – sometimes jubilant, sometimes anxious – is common to most of them: having experienced Mr Mikoyan, America is never likely to be quite the same again, and even Mr Dulles might be wise to notice the change. 'Now that the world has seen Mr Mikoyan being wined and dined in Wall Street,' commented the *Daily Telegraph*, 'one wonders why this meeting of minds did not take place earlier. Even Mr Dulles has melted a little. . . . All this can be regarded as welcome news. . . . Anything which helps to break down the previously impassable mental barriers between Russia and America does some service to peace.' The *News Chronicle* was a shade more cautious. 'It is hard,' it admitted, 'to believe there has not been an improvement when Mr Mikoyan can charm Detroit and Mr Molotov is left to practise his offensiveness on the Mongols or the Dutch.' But it warned: 'Mr Mikoyan's smile does not alter the realities of Russian policy one little bit'.

Such niggling caution found no place in the *People*. For it, Mik is the boy. He has, it told its 5,000,000 paying readers, 'done a splendid job, not for Russia, but for peace. It will simply not be possible for Foster Dulles to make the Americans shiver any longer with his stories about the grizzly Russian bear'. That other favourite of the masses, the *News of the World*, was not very far behind. 'For our money,' it declared, 'this get together in the White House is the best thing that's happened since the war.' The only worry the *Daily Express* had ('Trade Trade Trade' shouted its leader headline) was that if we were not careful we should be left behind. 'Mikoyan,' it declared, 'may not have succeeded in persuading the American public that Russia is a peaceful and respectable power. But he has put over the idea on American big business that Russia is a valuable market.' The *Sunday Times* was not to be moved by such exhortations from vulgar colleagues. Almost alone in Fleet Street it refused to see any advantage at all in Mr Mikoyan's journey. 'The objective of Mr Mikoyan's blandishments,' it commented coldly, 'has been nothing less than that: to build up in susceptible American minds the notion that they have no real quarrel with Russia, that they have become involved in a suicidal arms race through commitments to intransigent third parties over faraway problems which a little moderation could solve, and that they would be much more profitably employed minding their own business.' The *Observer*, although in no more of a mood to lose its head than the *Sunday Times*, was more gracious. It likened Mr Mikoyan to the dove loosed by Noah from the Ark whose return in the evening with an olive leaf in her mouth was a sign that the waters were abated from the earth. The *Manchester Guardian* judged him to be not so much a dove as a salesman 'putting forward what in the jargon of the profession is now known as a brand image'.

The Times reserved judgment to the last. Not until Wednesday morning as, in its leader writer's opening words, 'the Caucasian eagle' sped his way home did it come up with an opinion. It judged his visit to have been 'the most audacious example of the modern technique of appealing to peoples over the heads of their governments'. With what result? 'What the visit has done is to give a jolt to thinking about the possibilities of talks on Germany and even on some arms limitation in central Europe; and, in an indefinable way, it seems to have brought the prospect of the talks nearer.'

The Caucasian eagle, despite the blaze on the way home ('in keeping,' remarked the *Express* briskly, 'with the fiery quality he infused into his tour all the way across America and back') had had a good trip.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Westminster

All This and Gallup

With a technique derived from Field-Marshal Montgomery, Dr Arnold, the Reverend Billy Graham and the *Daily Mirror*, the Labour Party recently launched its campaign to win the next election. Direct, peremptory, evangelical, down to earth, the instructions poured out from Transport House.

'This campaign for victory must be a team job. . . . Sales of the policy statement must start immediately . our young people would gladly sacrifice at least one evening a week to such worth-while work.' The lightning flashed above Sinai and, in its glare, the starry-eyed observer, remote from the week-to-week grind of party work, saw a great machine, whirring smoothly to life. The cynics, on the other hand, who know a Labour Party machine when they see one, pictured the thing covered with rust, and a perspiring party agent trying to get it to go by hitting it with a hammer. The event has proved both pictures wrong.

First the starry eyed . . . he saw party agents, alert in streamlined offices, marshalling a host of bright-eyed workers; he saw these workers, tracking down the halt, the sick and the blind for the postal register, stumbling up dark alleys to canvass and enrol, collecting their neighbours round the telly for a cup of tea and the sight of a Labour leader. He saw backbench MPs thrusting aside their committees and their correspondence to expound Labour's policy in hall after hall. He saw the leaders, switching their forces, now to this sector now to that, or themselves leading and inspiring their men at great mass rallies in the regions.

Then the cynic . . . he saw an agent in some dingy room, already piled high with unsold pamphlets. 'How the hell,' asks the agent, 'do they expect me to get rid of a new lot and keep my pools going? Young people indeed! I'd like to know *what* young people. Anyway, I'm booking no bloody halls. Last time old so-and-so was here we paid 50 quid for the Civic Centre and got ten people.' The cynic then saw a party worker – 'Look, cock, I don't finish till six. Then there's my tea; and you know its no good canvassing after *Shadow Squad's* started'. He saw, too, backbench MPs: 'If my chaps see me in the street with a loudspeaker spouting about *Learning to Live*, they'll think I'm crackers'. Again: 'Only held one meeting last election. Suppose I could double that this time, but it will be time wasted'. He saw finally the leaders: 'Here am I booked for seven meetings already when so-and-so is getting away with three'.

But what did happen and what really is still happening? Two large bundles were dumped on the floor of offices all over the country. The agents opened the smaller one first. It was the campaign guide. He gave it a quick, professional run through. 'H'm. Less waffle in this than usual. Here,' he said to the first active worker who came in to hand over subs or pools contributions, 'you'd better take this away with you. Some good stuff in it.' But the party worker's eye had already been caught by the now unpacked glossy *The Future Labour Offers You*. 'My word,' said the party worker with a whistle, 'the old girl *is* looking up. I'll take a dozen of those.' In three days he was back. 'Give us another couple of dozen of those glossies. They're selling like hot cakes.' 'You're telling me,' said the agent.

All over the country, party sympathisers and the undecided, though, if possible, not convinced Tories, are acquiring copies of the glossy. They stroke its cover, flip through its pages and some even read it. All are impressed. This is the New Look Labour Party. For it, 40 people instead of the usual 20 are now turning up to management committee meetings and, though they still spend one hour and three-quarters abusing their Labour councillors about housing allocations, they do allow their MP 15 minutes at the end on Labour's election policy; and the agent gets a column of this in the local paper. Special public meetings are attracting audiences of 50 instead of 15.

So the agents prepare in good heart for the first of the big regional meetings, to be addressed by a national leader. They are convinced that, impressed by the new face of Labour's publications, people will turn up to see whether Labour leaders and Labour speeches have got new faces, too. The campaign is gathering momentum and though the election, when it comes, will probably be decided by the extent to which unemployment has affected the fortunes and continues to affect the feelings of the floating voter, the effort has already begun to create a new picture of the Labour Party. The party no longer seems down at heel, wheezing old dirges on the street in the hope of a few coppers. It seems brisk, efficient, and, after Morgan Phillips' disclosures of its campaign funds, prosperous. It is looking more like the band wagon on which the would-be successful like to jump; and because of all this the traditional Labour vote is now more likely to come out on the day than it was only three months ago. Why, even the Gallup Poll is looking up.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

VICKY'S F.O. HOLIDAY TRAVEL GUIDE FOR 1959

CONDUCTED TOURS BY OUR MAN IN HAVANA (IN OUR OWN TRANSPORT)

COME AND EXPLORE MYSTERIOUS, FASCINATING CUBA WITH THE MAN ON THE SPOT

MEDITERRANEAN SUN SHINE CRUISE - CALLING ON MALTA & CYPRUS

ON THE 'NEVER-NEVER' TRAVEL NOW AND PAY LATER

LENNOX-LLOYD LINES ALSO OFFER YOU: ONE-WAY-TRIPS TO SEYCHELLES, FISHING TRIPS TO ICELAND, etc...

EGYPT COME AND SEE THE RELICS OF BYGONE DAYS...

VIA THE SUEZ CANAL - OPERATED BY INCAPABLE EGYPTIAN PILOTS!

DOLLARS, RUBLES AND STERLING - TRAVELLER CHEQUES ACCEPTED

MAKE FRIENDS IN THE COMMON MARKET PLACES

Germany WANTS TO SEE YOU

ANYONE WITH A NOSTALGIA FOR THE PAST WILL FIND NICE HISTORIC PLACES (KRUPP, BELSEN, etc) - AS WELL AS NEW EXCITING ROCKET SITES

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THE political line of the 33rd Congress of the Italian Socialist Party was largely conditioned by the possibility of a future split in the Christian Democrat party and the formation of two Catholic parties in Italy. Various elements have aroused this hope. There is a struggle within the Italian capitalist sphere between the old and the new forms of capitalism; between the modern, technically advanced forms in the north and the more socially backward forms, the semi-feudal residuum of Italian society. The first group is represented by Fanfani, the present Prime Minister; the second by his Christian Democrat adversaries, Scelba and Andreotti.

These two groups clash over the formulation of industrial and economic laws and their future co-existence is problematical. Moreover, the changes in Vatican policy may signify less direct influence, aimed at keeping the Catholic party united at all costs. A third element is that there exists a Catholic left wing, principally in the Association of Catholic Workers (ACLI).

The avowed aim of the Socialists is now to provoke this split. At the same time, Nenni has closed the door to any collaboration with the present Fanfani government because, in the view of the Socialists, if Fanfani knows he can count on the Nenni votes to keep him in power, the chances of an explosion of the contradictions inside the Christian Democrat party would be greatly diminished.

The left-wing current of the party, headed by Vecchietti and the trade unionist Foa, who emerge from the Congress defeated by Nenni but still in a position (they hope) to restrain the 'social-democratic' tendency of the majority, explain their opposition to Nenni by the fear that Nenni might be tempted to join a Christian Democrat coalition government in a position of weakness for the Socialist Party. Nenni's ultimate position, they argue, would thus be that of Saragat: a position of reformistic subservience to the policy of the Christian Democrats.

It is inexact to call all Nenni's left-wing opponents Communists. Foa is certainly not a Communist. But his group believes that it is an illusion to think that Socialism can be created in Italy by ignoring the six million Communist votes; that the Italian CP is in a state of gradual, though slow transformation towards a more 'western European' conception of the social scene, and that the Italian Socialist Party should actively seek to influence the Communists in this transformation. They believe that any dogmatic 'anti-Communism' in Italy would be detrimental, if not fatal, to the working-class movement.

The Nenni victory also makes it necessary for the left wing of the Saragat Social Democrat party to make a quick decision. Zagari and Matteotti have already implied that, in the very near future, they will abandon Saragat and join Nenni. They calculate that they can transfer about one-third of the rank and file of the Saragat party into Nenni's party, although only three or four of the Saragat members of parliament at the most will participate in this limited unification. Their intention is to pass over to Nenni as a group rather than as individuals, having first made an official proposal to Saragat for the unification of the two parties – a proposal which will obviously be rejected by the majority of Saragat's central committee. (The loss of three or four of Saragat's followers could, however, be very important because of the slender parliamentary majority held by Fanfani.)

The Zagari-Matteotti group also believes that the Italian right wing (Scelba, Andreotti included) is pressing for a 'Gaullist' solution in Italy and is actively exploiting the difficulties of Signor Fanfani to this end. The left wing of the Saragat party, therefore, insists on the necessity of strengthening the positions of Nenni's party in the immediate future.

Perhaps the congress spent too much time in abstract talk and in ideology and too little in an exposition of a concrete programme for the Italian workers. There is still the danger that the 32 hours of internal bickering may leave the Italian workers more mystified than before. Above all, there is the danger that the Socialists are basing too much on the hypothesis of the Christian Democrat split. This explains the position of Lelio Basso, whose group has suffered an overwhelming defeat. Basso believes that Nenni's hopes are illusory and that henceforth the Italian Socialists will find themselves uselessly suspended between the Catholic party and the Communists.

To sum up, Nenni has officially broken with the Communists. The party has been officially split up into two wings. But the future of the Socialist Party is now for the first time completely in the hands of Nenni and Lombardi, whose first step, in the expectation of anticipated elections brought about by the difficulties of Signor Fanfani, will be to do all in their power to extend the coverage of Socialist votes, seeking the votes of part of the Christian Democrats and part of the Communists.

But the two all-powerful realities of contemporary Italy remain the presence of the Christian Democrats and the Communists, both massive political organisations; and if Nenni's policy of future alliances goes wrong, the pessimism of the defeated Lelio Basso may yet prove to have been justified.

BRUCE RENTON

After Leopoldville

THE battle of Leopoldville and 4 January 1959 are likely to be remembered in the independent Congo of the future, just as the shootings on the road to Christiansborg Castle on 28 February 1948 are commemorated in contemporary Ghana. For the moment the paratroopers flown in from Kamina and from Belgium may seem to be masters of the situation; but the martyrs of 4 January are the real victors. What occurred was a spontaneous outburst, rather than a planned rising: the outcome, in Leopoldville, of a prohibited meeting – at which Congolese delegates from the Accra Conference of African Peoples were to have spoken – an angry unarmed crowd confronting a frightened armed police force, which – as one report euphemistically puts it – 'intervened with particular energy'. (André Blanchet has described in *Le Monde* how he attended a perfectly quiet mass meeting in the African town a week earlier, at which there were demands for immediate independence, but also acceptance of the continued presence of Belgians in a future independent Congo, and no overt hostility towards Europeans.)

But if the explosion was an historical accident, in the sense that nobody planned it, it has the same kind of tremendous symbolic importance as the disturbances on the Christiansborg road. The three-day battle, the proscription of the nationalist organisation, *Abako*, the arrests of the three African mayors – MM. Kasavubu, Pinzi, and Diomi – seem already to have produced the same general effect – uniting different sectors of Congolese opinion, accelerating the movement for Congolese independence, and giving it a heroic quality which it has lacked in the past.

Revolutions are liable to take place when people are tired of living in the old way. In this sense the Congo is at the beginning of a period of revolution. This may sound surprising when we have heard so much about the Congo as a model of colonial order and progress – a peaceful, prosperous island in the middle of an angry sea of nationalist revolt. The Belgians, most of all, have been the prisoners of their own myth. Many, though by no means all, of their administrators have been genuinely convinced of the perfection of their system. They have, after all, created a marvellous network of institutions – crèches, clinics, schools, social centres, sewing classes, boy scout and girl guide troops, sports clubs, savings banks – through which to control the souls and bodies, work and leisure, of the mass of the Congolese.

Responsibility for this control has been fairly amicably shared between the three great estates into which the Belgian governing class is divided – the administration, the concessionary companies, and the missions. The missions supervise Congolese souls. The companies organise Congolese labour. And the administration provides a framework of regulations and services within which Congolese life must be lived. The Belgians plan, almost always with good intentions, and often with excellent results: the Congolese are the consumers, or victims, of planning. Power – except perhaps in the church – has so far remained squarely in European hands. The Congolese have been allowed to advance so far – in the administration, education, industry – to reach the middle ranks: to become foremen, skilled technicians, clerks, warrant officers. They can sit on advisory councils, at the national, provincial, and local levels. But posts of command have been closed to them. This, roughly, is the system of which they have grown tired; against which the people of Leopoldville revolted.

Yet, as an explanation of the events of 4 January, this is surely inadequate. Congolese resentment against Belgian paternalism is nothing new. What is new is the existence of organised opposition and the idea of an independent Congo. They were not chalking *Indépendance* and *Vive le Congo* on the walls of Leopoldville four years ago. M. Daniel Kanza, the Vice-President of *Abako*, now in gaol, was a somewhat isolated voice, pleading with great moderation for less racial discrimination, more liberty of expression, better educational opportunities. On the surface Belgian Platonism almost seemed to work. What has happened over the past four years to transform the situation, to bring about this crisis of the system?

First, the Belgians themselves, apparently half-conscious of danger, began during the governor-generalship of M. Petillon, an intelligent philosopher-king, to loosen somewhat the rigidities of the regime. These two new universities were established – Lovanium and Elisabethville: two because, Belgium being Belgium, if you have a Catholic something you have to have a liberal something too – and the Congolese have been intelligent enough to turn this aspect of Belgian domestic politics to their advantage. Thus a new Congolese elite is now in production, twice as quickly as might have been expected, disturbing the old equilibrium. Elected municipal councils have been introduced, under careful supervision, in the three main towns of the Congo; and the mayors of the African communes of Leopoldville – particularly M. Kasavubu – have played a leading part in the recent movement for constitutional reform. Trade unions have been legalised, and African political

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organisations tolerated, up to a point. Approved Congolese have been permitted to eat in European restaurants and drink in European bars. These concessions to African opinion have not, of course, altered the basic paternalist structure of the state. But the fact that the Belgians – unlike their neighbours, the Portuguese – have admitted the possibility of reform has inevitably stimulated demands for a real transfer of power.

Secondly, the never very convincing Belgian hypothesis – that if the masses have consumption goods and welfare, they won't ask for liberty, that bikes do more than ballots to justify the ways of God to man – has been upset by increasing unemployment (25,000 estimated to be without regular jobs out of Leopoldville's working population of 90,000). As a consequence of its post-war drive for economic expansion, the Congo has probably a larger proletariat than any African country south of the Sahara (apart from the Union of South Africa) and a substantial class of small entrepreneurs. In lean years the contrast between the world of black proletarians and the world of white bosses stands out more sharply.

Thirdly, the Bakongo people – split by artificial colonial frontiers between the Belgian Congo, French Moyen-Congo, and Portuguese Angola – have gradually moved over from religion to politics. Over the past generation they have produced an extremely interesting succession of revolutionary prophets – Kimbangui, Matswa, Mpadi – who have canalised Bakongo protests against the colonial situation through a well-organised and remarkably stable schismatic church. Now they have produced a statesman, who is at the same time a Catholic priest, the Abbé Fulbert Youlou, Prime Minister of the autonomous republic of the Congo (the new name for French Moyen-Congo). M. Kasavubu, the leader of *Abako* – in its origins a Bakongo cultural organisation, which gradually acquired political objectives – is a friend of M. Youlou. And the existence of this republic of the Congo across the water, with its own elected African parliament and Cabinet, naturally awakens memories of the ancient kingdom of the Congo among the Bakongo of Leopoldville, and stimulates the demand for unification and independence.

Fourthly, it seems generally agreed that the Conference of African Peoples at Accra last month, attended by three Congolese delegates – of whom one, M. Lumumba, was elected to the executive committee of the secretariat – aroused great interest in the Congo, far beyond Leopoldville and the big urban centres. The special value of such a gathering, from the Congolese standpoint, was that it helped them to lift themselves out of the isolation which has been one of their great handicaps, and to see their problems and prospects in a wider African context. Obviously this does not mean that the Leopoldville explosion was the product of 'external influences'; only that the African climate has become more favourable.

What next? The Belgian government has now defined its future policy in liberal terms – admitting the principle of Congolese independence; proposing the setting up of elected organs of government, at a somewhat leisurely pace; promising the total abolition of racial discrimination, a new labour code, educational advance, and so forth. All this is clearly good. But, while I believe that the Congolese have reached a stage in their history which can roughly be compared with that which the Gold Coast had reached in February 1948, there are certain special difficulties confronting the Congolese in their effort to travel the Ghana road. It is not going to be easy for them to persuade the administration on the spot to stop treating them as children and to work towards its own abolition. There are fewer crypto-Fabians in the government of the Congo than there were in the Gold Coast of 1948. There is the further problem of the *colons* – perhaps 100,000 of them – less than one per cent. of the total population, and not landowners on any scale except in Kivu. They certainly do not present a problem on anything approaching an Algerian scale; and, though there are some buccaneers among them, they have on the whole been ruled from Brussels, and played relatively little part in ruling. But they will not like the new policy.

Moreover, there is the sheer vastness and internal diversity of the Congo, which tends to encourage tribalism, or at least regionalism, and makes the creation of genuinely national Congolese organisations a difficult task – even if the administration puts no obstacles in the way. About the national leaders, on the other hand, I see no cause to be worried. At present they are drawn from the *classe moyenne*, men who have come up the hard way. Daniel Kanza, the only one of them I know personally, is a man for whom I have a great respect. And I see no reason to suppose that the Congo middle class is less capable of producing men of ability and judgment than the middle classes of Ghana or Nigeria – or 19th-century Britain. But perhaps the biggest problem is the sheer wealth and strategic importance of the Congo. Its accession to the new society of independent African states would strengthen them enormously. Will the great Belgian fief-holders really let it go?

THOMAS HODGKIN

London Diary

THE Germans with whom I walked out of St Paul's Cathedral on Sunday morning were surprised, not that Canon Collins should have preached a pacifist sermon, but that a mere canon should attack the Archbishop of Canterbury. Didn't he say, in effect, that the Archbishop was not, in his view, a Christian at all, and that it amounted to blasphemy to suggest that a good God might be planning to destroy the world with H-bombs and to imply we might therefore be instruments of His will in destroying the world He had created? If this surprised our visitors, how much more surprised were we when we entered St Paul's Kirche in Frankfurt! The contrast between the St Pancras Town Hall, where the European Anti-Nuclear Organisation had been born the day before, and this superb building rebuilt since the war, was positively staggering. Crowds of people had been waiting in the snow to get in; the whole organisation, the meeting in the hall and the reception afterwards was officially arranged and paid for partly by trade unions and partly from public funds. No, said the Lord Mayor, there had been no difficulty; the city council is strongly Social Democratic and the Liberals had also been ready to vote money for an anti-nuclear demonstration and to charter planes between Germany and Britain. The objectors were few, he was supported by the mass of the population. (Frankfurt seems not to be exceptional; the protest against the missile base at Dortmund is supported by a unanimous council including members of the CDU.) Perhaps the greatest surprise was the spontaneous acclaim which welcomed the comment that Herr Strauss, the Minister of Defence, was 'the most dangerous man in Europe'. Whether any German would have said this if an Englishman had not said it first, I don't know; the cheer suggested the pulling of a gigantic cork out of a bottle. Clearly, we have underestimated the explosive strength of the anti-nuclear campaign in Germany. Were there many Social Democrats like this splendid young mayor? I asked. 'Quite a lot, in local politics', they said, 'Only, of course, the party bureaucracy prevents them getting to the top.' The old story. Even so, it makes one wonder what will happen when Dr Adenauer no longer rules. Perhaps the post-First-War pattern of reaction is not, after all, being repeated? We read so often, and so truly, about ex-Nazis now holding high positions; so many cases are reported of a revived anti-Semitism. But this was a young audience, and it was in Frankfurt, one of the show business centres of Germany. I am too old a bird to pay much attention to demonstrations, but I must admit that on this occasion I was really impressed.

* * *

Mr Randolph Churchill's intervention in Bournemouth has, contrary to popular belief, seriously diminished Mr Nigel Nicolson's chances of retrieving nomination. After Mr Anthony Howard in *Reynolds News* had first 'flushed' Nicolson's prospective successor, Major Friend, and then shot him, it did seem likely that Lord Hailsham would advise the local Conservative Association to readopt Nicolson, lest worse befall. Even though Major Grant, the Chairman, and his fellow officers in the Association might still strain at this 'progressive' gnat, in a critical election year they must at all costs be prevented from swallowing another Empire Loyalist camel. But Lord Hailsham is not likely to object if the local Tories choose to swallow a rogue elephant, especially one with such an honoured pedigree; and though Mr Churchill is no sounder on Suez than Mr Nicolson and is capable, just for the hell of it, of suddenly announcing that he favours the abolition of capital punishment, Squire Grant and his relatives will probably accept him. Anything, they will say, to get rid of that fellow Nicolson. Meanwhile at East Harrow, Mr R. A. Butler is equally anxious to get rid of Sir Alan Herbert; and Sir Alan after hearing the Home Secretary's promises about Obscene Publications now seems prepared to withdraw. That by-election (Tory majority at the last election 3,622) and the by-election in South-West Norfolk (Labour majority 193) are now likely to have some influence in determining the date of the next general election. If the government does well, Mr Macmillan may lean the more heavily to May. But if it does badly, October might become a more likely date.

* * *

I haven't seen many pamphlets like the one published by the Church of England Moral Welfare Council on *The Street Offences Bill* (Church House, 1s.). It is terse, laconic almost in places, business-like and expert. I agree with most of its criticisms of the Bill, especially in this matter of beginning the evidence, in a case of loitering or soliciting, with damning statements about the woman's character. The law already subjects two classes of people to this obvious injustice ('suspected persons' and 'reputed thieves') when it wants to prove that they were loitering 'with intent to commit a felony'. And I believe you would be hard put to it to find a Magistrate who doesn't dislike it thoroughly; it is a bad and illiberal proposal and I hope it will be scrapped. On the question of proving annoyance, in the case of people living in a street as distinct from people walking along it, this pamphlet faces, as no other public comment has done, the discouraging effect on possible witnesses of the 40 shilling penalty and the quick turnover in the Magistrates' Courts. As things are today, you could give evidence in court that a prostitute had caused you annoyance

One makes a pet!

The depredations of one caterpillar are nothing much, but caterpillars rarely come in ones. *Multiply by x* . . . and then, almost overnight, a cabbage crop can be eaten to the ribs, or a forest of young conifers become a desert of standing sticks. The only really effective answer is to strike back hard with insecticides. This is what growers are now doing with a new systemic insecticide called ' Phosdrin ', developed by Shell specifically for the quicker, cheaper control of caterpillars and aphids. ' Phosdrin ' virtually wipes out the heaviest infestations within a few hours of spraying. Yet it decomposes quickly, so that the sprayed crops may be gathered safely three clear days later.

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by soliciting outside your house, and find her doing it again when you got back home from the court. Bigger penalties would slow down this process to a point where it became worth while to be a witness. That seems their only justification. I like the cautioning system proposed, and the phrase about loitering or soliciting for 'libidinous' purposes might be an improvement, for a time, on the present emotive language about 'immoral' purpose and so on. But libidinous would soon also become a sin-word.

* * *

It could be argued that if it comes to ending the power of an atrocious regime, shooting its worst leaders in hot blood may have better results than the Nuremburg trials. It is clear too that much of the horror expressed about the Havana executions has something to do with ideology. If the same number of Communists had been killed on similar charges would the American press have protested? Having said so much, however, what comment can one make on this report from the *News Chronicle*?

> The Havana newspaper *El Mundo*, reporting that the Cuban rebels had executed more than 75 Batista supporters in Oriente Province, said that one batch of executions was held up until better light at the request of a television company filming 'Revolutionary Justice'.

* * *

One of the interesting aspects of the Nuclear Campaign has been its intelligent use of film. Some of the more successful public meetings have shown such pictures as *Children of Hiroshima*, and there is, of course, the special film made on the Aldermaston March. I hear that a film has now been made of the Swaffham demonstrations, and that this will be shown at a special conference called by the London Friends to encourage the use of film shows by peace organisations. In the programme, which is being presented at Friends House, Euston Road, at 2.30 on Saturday 31 January, are films about nuclear energy, Africa, Gandhi, and that short classic, *Time Out of War*. Tickets, price 4s. 6d., can be obtained from Rex Phillips, 32 Elm Grove, Orpington.

* * *

The housekeeper at this office doesn't need to keep birds in cages. She has a constant, all-day rota of visiting sparrows, including (at the right season) several complete families. This is because at intervals she puts out budgerigar seed for them on her third-floor kitchen window sill, which is crowded all day long. Those who can get no foothold there have to wait on neighbouring projections, but just now there is a builder's scaffolding round the window, and post-war sparrows have had a lot of practice on this kind of structure. The sad thing is that as soon as the housekeeper puts out the seed and shuts the window there is such an avaricious stampede and thrashing of wings, often with a last-minute pigeon muscling in, that all the seed is blown to the winds and no one gets any. Nor does anyone fly down to see where the seeds have settled. (I can understand this – she might put some more out while you were away.) Everyone settles down to wait for the next hand-out – only to disperse it all again in war. There's a moral for humans in this somewhere. I remember an article in this journal by E. L. Grant Watson about a ladybird with a tongue too short to reach the nectar at the base of a flower petal. It used its mandibles to bite off the petal, forgetting that this was what it was standing on. The petal fell to the ground with the ladybird on it; and the silly beetle reclimbed the flower stem, to do the same thing all over again. It never got any nectar.

CRITIC

This England

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Major S. G. Grant, the association's chairman, states firmly that they will not demand from their new candidate, whoever he may be, any categorical assurance of complete subservience to the association's views. 'Every MP, like any other Englishman, has the right to his own opinion,' he remarks. Their objection is not to Mr Nicolson using his own judgment. They dislike the judgment he used. – *The Times*. (R. Clarke.)

I disagree with anyone who says that the commercials spoil the programmes, or are a waste of time.

Some contain useful knowledge. For instance, while I was attending a history lesson, a teacher asked: 'Who was Napoleon Bonaparte's first wife?' A boy called out 'Josephine'. 'How did you know?' asked the teacher. 'Well, sir,' said the boy, 'there's a commercial on ITV where Napoleon comes on and says "Josephine, look what I've brought you"'. – *TV Times*. (M. Telfer.)

Men of the York and Lancaster moaned about lack of entertainment facilities while they were in Aden, but they had only themselves to blame.

When they first came out they were invited to use the clubhouse which RAF personnel built in their spare time.

That privilege had to be withdrawn because of their rough and vulgar ways – brawling, etc. They also turned the NAAFI into a regular drinking den.

Still, we did admire the way they handled the natives in the recent riots. – Letter in the *People*. (D. E. Jones.)

Three Trends in Communism

THE 21st Congress of the Soviet Communist Party is assembling in Moscow almost three years after Krushchev's 'secret' speech. These were eventful years for the Soviet Union and the other Communist countries, crowded with reforms, counter-reforms and inner party struggles, with stupendous progress and also retrograde developments. Krushchev's 'secret' speech was, of course, the formative event of the period: it has reverberated through all subsequent developments, and it will still echo in the proceedings of the forthcoming Congress. Whatever the formal agenda of this assembly – officially it has been convened only to endorse the new Seven Year Plan – the essential question before it is whether or not Communism is to follow the signposts set up three years ago. What is the order of the day: de-Stalinisation or re-Stalinisation?

It is now officially admitted that, despite the pretence of unanimity maintained at the 20th Congress, the party leaders were then deeply divided over all major issues, as they had been, in truth, even earlier. It was only while the 20th Congress was in session that the Central Committee authorised Krushchev to come out with his revelations; and only a small majority of the Committee voted for this momentous decision. Nearly half the members, led by Molotov and Kaganovich, fought desperately, and till the last moment, to save the idol and the dogmas of Stalinism. What was at stake was the entire system of government and party leadership, and not merely Stalin's good or bad name and ideological canons. None of the major administrative, economic, and social changes that have since been introduced in the Soviet Union could have been even contemplated as long as the party was shackled by the Stalinist orthodoxy.

The story of these three years, however, is full of paradoxes. It falls into at least three chapters. The first was brought to a close by the Polish and Hungarian upheavals in October and November 1956. The second ended with the expulsion from the Central Committee of Molotov, Malenkov and Kaganovitch, in June 1957. The last chapter is one of great complexity and confusion.

In the first period the movement for de-Stalinisation developed almost openly and assumed great explosive force. It satisfied deep and widely felt needs; it evoked a powerful popular response; and it aroused boundless hopes. The range of the movement, however, was relatively limited, at least as far as the Soviet Union is concerned. It was primarily political in character. Its emphasis was on inner party reform, collective leadership, and freedom of inner party criticism – in a word, on the replacement of the Stalinist bureaucratic centralism by the Leninist democratic centralism. These were also the months of the 'thaw' in literature and the arts and of an intense ferment of ideas in academic circles. From month to month de-Stalinisation made startling conquests in vital but narrow fields. The intelligentsia led the movement, while the bureaucracy was divided against itself; but the mass of the working class, not to speak of the peasantry, remained inarticulate. Therein lay the weakness of the movement. Yet its momentum was strong enough to force Molotov, Kaganovich, and their adherents into retreat. They could only watch events with alarm, and warn the Central Committee that it was losing control.

The Hungarian rising gave the Stalinist diehards the opportunity to rally and to go over to the offensive. They denounced Krushchev as the unwitting inspirer of the rising and the prompter of revisionism, who had jeopardised Communist rule in eastern Europe and exposed the Soviet Union itself to dangerous shocks. The perils of which they spoke were real; and so all the leaders, de-Stalinisers as well as Stalinist diehards, were seized with panic. In the course of eight months Molotov and Kaganovich pressed home the attack and succeeded in regaining much of the ground they had lost. Krushchev was compelled to call a halt to the debunking of the Stalin era, to declare war on revisionism, and to try to discipline the restive intelligentsia. But it was impossible to undo the effects of the 20th Congress and to make people forget his disclosures about Stalinist misrule. Too much discontent and disillusionment was pent up in all social classes. The workers began to react against the privileges of the bureaucracy, against social inequality and against the old and severe industrial discipline. The peasants refused to increase agricultural production, which was disastrously low and threatened to impede industrial progress.

The party leadership had reason to fear that the disgruntled intelligentsia (whose ranks had been politically strengthened by the release from concentration camps and the rehabilitation of old heretics and 'enemies of the people') might appeal to the workers and peasants and set in motion a genuine popular opposition. Something had to be done to dispel the popular discontents – at least a new wages policy and a new approach to collective farming were needed.

Thus, even if only to be able to call an effective halt to de-Stalinisation in party politics and ideology, Krushchev had to carry it into the fields of economic and social policy. Moreover, the Hungarian and Polish upheavals had put a severe strain on the Soviet economy. It had become necessary to prop up economically the tottering

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or shaky Communist governments of eastern Europe and to step up the output of consumer goods in the Soviet Union as well as in the other Communist countries. But, under the old over-centralised and rigidly bureaucratic system of economic administration, it was difficult to do this while maintaining a rapid rate of development in heavy industry and forcing the pace in the nuclear arms race.

Krushchev therefore set out to break up that system and to replace it by the regional economic councils, to enhance the status of the trade unions, and to accord new rights to factory councils and factory committees. By means of local initiative and responsibility he hoped to increase the efficiency of the entire industrial machinery. Acting on the same principle, he released the collective farms from bureaucratic tutelage, transferred to them the property of the machine tractor stations, abolished compulsory food deliveries, and gave incentives to the farmers.

The Stalinist diehards put up a stubborn resistance to this series of reforms. They relied on the backing of Moscow's powerful industrial bureaucracy and on the fear which had, since the Hungarian rising, taken hold of large sections of the party machine. In June 1957 Molotov and Kaganovich were on the point of bringing their counter-offensive to a successful conclusion. Strengthened by the adherence of Malenkov and Shepilov, de-Stalinisers of the previous period, and by Bulganin's hesitations, they obtained a majority within the Presidium of the Central Committee and carried a motion deposing Krushchev from the post of the party's First Secretary. This was to have put an end to the 'Period of Troubles' and 'risky experiments'.

At this point, however, Krushchev appealed from the Presidium to the Central Committee. If the records of that session of the Committee were to be published, the effect, at least in the Soviet Union, might be almost as shocking as was that of Krushchev's 'secret' speech. The debates were stormy. The antagonists charged one another with working for the ruin of the Soviet Union and Communism; and for the occasion each side dragged out quite a few skeletons from the family cupboards. At one point, for instance, while he dwelt on his adversaries' responsibility for the great purges of the 1930s – the topic invariably recurring in all secret debates since Stalin's death – Krushchev, pointing to Molotov and Kaganovich, exclaimed: 'Your hands are stained with the blood of our party leaders and of innumerable innocent Bolsheviks!' 'So are yours!' Molotov and Kaganovich shouted back at him. 'Yes, so are mine,' Krushchev replied, 'I admit this. But during the purges I was merely carrying out your orders. I was not then a member of the Politbureau and I bear no responsibility for its decisions. You were.'

Thus, Krushchev went on playing on the revulsion against Stalinism; and this was indeed strong enough to assure his success. The Central Committee expelled Molotov, Kaganovich, and Malenkov from its midst (but not from the party), and it confirmed Krushchev in his office. Essentially, the vote reflected the majority's conviction that it was impossible for the party to go on ruling the country as before and that the reforms advocated by Krushchev were sound and overdue. The modern economy and the new structure of society could no longer be reconciled with the old administrative and political superstructure.

Yet, how paradoxical is now the outcome of all these disputes and showdowns! On the one hand, his triumph over his adversaries has enabled Krushchev to go ahead with his reforms, every one of which takes the Soviet Union further and further away from the Stalinist system of government. On the other, his triumph appears to have driven the party, politically, a long way back towards Stalinism. By eliminating his adversaries, Krushchev appears to have destroyed the post-Stalinist 'collective leadership' and to have become the party's sole master.

The Seven Year Plan

This 'dialetically contradictory' and ambiguous outcome of all the recent struggles showed itself strikingly in the December sessions of the Central Committee and of the Supreme Soviet, which were convened in preparation for the Congress. An immense amount of new legislation was placed before these two bodies. Nearly all of it has been designed to demonstrate that the break with Stalinism is continuing, is deepening, and is spreading to ever new spheres of Soviet life. The new Seven Year Plan does not aim only at approaching the level of American industry. Its special feature is the new emphasis on the need for the 'harmonious' development of producer and consumer industries; and this has necessitated some slowing down in the rate of the overall development. The plan makes important concessions to consumer interests. It also marks a further departure from Stalin's anti-egalitarian policy: it provides for a steady narrowing of the gap between high and low incomes, and for the gradual introduction of the 30-35 hour week.

In apparent contrast to this egalitarian trend stands Krushchev's school reform, also passed in December, which partly curtails universal secondary education. The truth is that the Soviet educational system has, in its unparalleled growth, run ahead of the social system as a whole, and has outrun the nation's resources. Every year millions of young people, their secondary education completed, knock at the doors of the universities and are turned away. The universities, where expansion cannot possibly keep pace with expansion in secondary education, have been unable to accommodate so many candidates; and the rush of the young to the universities has threatened to starve industry of manpower. Krushchev is now chasing the mass of Soviet youth from the university gate to the factory bench; and he is anxious to stop the rush to the universities at an earlier stage – at the secondary school. But he has met with widespread, and more than usually articulate, opposition; and he has had to compromise. He has increased this year's budgetary grants for education by as much as 50 per cent.; declared that the retrenchment in secondary education is only temporary; denied that there has been any retrenchment; and he had to dwell on the egalitarian character of the polytechnical school where theoretical education is to be combined with productive labour.

The principle of de-Stalinisation, however, has been most strongly in evidence in the new criminal code, which its sponsor introduced to the Supreme Soviet as an act of legislation designed to 'liquidate the shameful heritage of the past'. The code had been under debate for many years, and it is the product of conflicting viewpoints. It does not go as far as the most liberal of Soviet jurists had expected, but it does go a very long way towards transforming a police state into a state 'ruled by the law'. The code deprives the political police of the powers to sentence, imprison, and deport citizens. No one is to be sentenced otherwise than by a normal court in open trial. Penalties are reduced. Guilt by association, the 'category' of the 'enemy of the people', the co-responsibility of the defendant's relatives, the penalty of deprivation of citizenship, and many similar features of the old code are abolished. No defendant must be charged with terrorism unless there is *prima facie* evidence of an actual attempt at political assassination. Under such a code it would have been impossible to stage the great purges of the 1930s. As if to stress the meaning of this reform, General Serov, the grim old policeman, has been replaced, as Chief of State Security, by the ex-Komsomol leader Shelepin.

Yet – and here is the greatest paradox – the ghosts of the great purges seemed to be crowding back into the Central Committee's conference hall in December, when Bulganin made his confession of guilt, denouncing Molotov, Malenkov, and Kaganovich, and extolling Krushchev's infallibility; and when the Central Committee rejected his confession as hypocritical and inadequate, and Rudenko, Vyshinsky's successor as State Prosecutor, spoke about the 'crimes of the anti-party group'. The spectacle was staged in order to bring pressure to bear on Molotov and his associates and to make them appear before the 21st Congress in sackcloth and ashes, with confessions similar to those that Stalin's adversaries were forced to make.

Why does Krushchev need these confessions? And will Molotov and his friends make them? Krushchev's purpose is to break their morale and expose their weakness; but until now they have evidently not yet 'laid down arms'. From their retreats they have continued their 'factional activity', trying to rally their followers and attacking Krushchev's policies. Krushchev feels that his armour is not without chinks and that he cannot afford to ignore the attacks. He has not made his position easier by promulgating the new criminal code. In order to chastise his adversaries in Stalin's manner, he would have to tear up that code. Will he dare to do so?

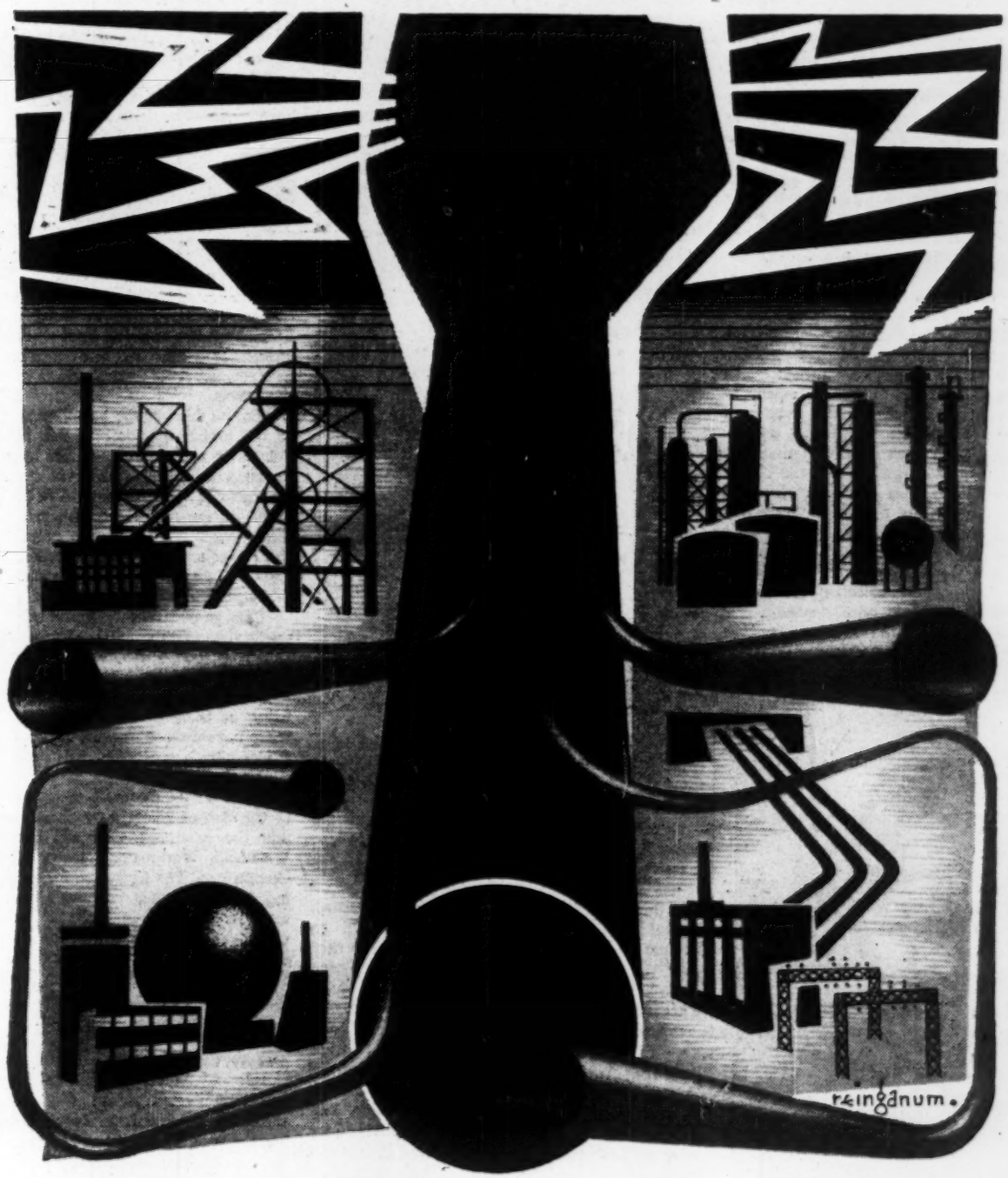
What the Stalinist diehards are fighting may be only a rearguard battle, historically; but for the time being their strength is by no means negligible. We have seen that, to keep them at bay, Krushchev has had to press on with his anti-Stalinist reforms, and also to try to steal Molotov's thunder, to strike at the revisionists, to break with Tito, to acquiesce in the execution of Nagy, and so on. As long as he rides from success to success, this may be enough: the Stalinist diehards cannot come back. Sputniks, industrial records, and bumper harvests (obtained mostly from 'virgin soils') have bolstered his prestige. But he may run into trouble if he fails in any of his daring reforms – if the fat years in farming are followed by lean ones, if the peasants, emboldened by his concessions, raise their demands (as they have been doing here and there), if the workers' discontent with the still desperate shortage of housing grows more acute and vocal, or if something once again goes wrong in eastern Europe.

All this, however, does not account fully for the timing and the ferocity of the attacks on the 'anti-party group'. What has provoked Krushchev's wrath and alarmed him is the circumstance that the Stalinist diehards appear to enjoy a measure of encouragement from Mao Tse-tung or his entourage. (Molotov has probably found in his embassy in Mongolia a convenient vantage point for establishing close contact with Peking; and this may explain the rumours about his transfer to The Hague, where he would be cut off from both his Soviet following and his Chinese well-wishers.)

The reasons which have induced the Chinese to somersault from the anti-Stalinism of the 'Hundred Flowers' to their present dogmatic attitude and to view with favour Krushchev's adversaries, cannot be gone into here. Mao may be lending support to Molotov from motives either of principle or merely of tactics. However that may be, this is a decisive factor in the present tension between Peking and Moscow. When Krushchev denounces Mao's People's Communes as 're-

As I see TI . . .

Victor Reinganum, the English artist, here sees Tube Investments Limited almost as an extra limb to Man in his endeavours to harness all world sources of power..



Power to Hand

For half a century some TI companies have provided increasingly complicated parts and components in steel and its alloys for the engineers who wrest power from the elements, rivers, coal mines and oil wells. They are now producing over a hundred different kinds of components for nuclear engineering—some for the heart of atomic reactors—in materials which until recently were available in laboratory quantities only. TI technologists are alert to the needs which could arise from newer sources of power.

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actionary' to the American Senator Humphrey, and when Mikoyan does the same and speaks of Chinese 'hotheads' to Wall Street bankers, relations between Moscow and Peking are in a very critical state indeed. Mao cannot fail to protest to Krushchev against so flagrant a violation of the accepted rules of comradeship, and Krushchev's and Mikoyan's strictures are meant to serve notice of the reprisals with which they may retort to Mao's intervention in the internal Soviet struggle.

The omens point towards a breach between Moscow and Peking which would, of course, be far more momentous than any rupture between Moscow and Belgrade has ever been or could be. Precisely because of this, Krushchev and Mao may still shrink from bringing the conflict into the open; and if they are, nevertheless, driven to take the fateful step, they must then strive to keep the relations between their governments, and their military alliance, as little affected as possible by the controversy between the parties. The anxiety to keep apart these two aspects of Soviet-Chinese relations may indeed have led Mao, deeply involved as he is in the ideological differences, to resign as Head of State and to confine himself to his role as the party's leader. But will it be possible to keep the two aspects apart? And, regardless of this, the open division of international Communism into three distinct wings: the Titoist 'revisionist right,' the Maoist 'left' and 'ultra-left' and the Krushchev 'centre' would finally destroy the 'monolithic' character of the movement.

Can Moscow risk such a division? It may take some time before we learn what, if any, is the answer of the 21st Congress to this question. But this is the gravest issue, at once domestic and international, which faces the Congress.

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ISAAC DEUTSCHER

The Last Nine Months

'My friend here's a journalist', said the deputy-governor, with a slightly malicious grin.

'Hope he don't write such tripe as the one who came last month,' murmured a little man in slacks and tennis-shirt.

The television was switched off. I was given a chair and a cup of tea. My seven hosts were all preventive detainees (PDs) serving terms of five to 14 years imprisonment, and with three or more convictions. (Recently the scheme has been widened to include men serving four years or more.) They were among the PDs periodically selected to spend the last months of their sentences in semi-liberty in this brick hostel alongside Bristol prison, going out to work for neighbouring firms in the daytime, and to the local, the cinema, a bible-class or anywhere else they pleased of an evening (subject to an 11 o'clock deadline).

'I get out dancin' a lot, myself', said an Irishman; 'there's the Locarno and the Irish Dance. But Lawd luv us, this town's dead. You've got to go out to . . . to find a boozer where there's a sing-song.'

'We had Pat Kirkwood at the Hippodrome last week', cut in someone else, 'and Diana Dors is coming soon'.

Another Irishman, perhaps showing experience of previous journalists' questions, volunteered:

'I'm a sheet-metal worker. I learnt it at Chelmsford prison. But we don't all get the jobs we've been trained for, here'. (Most of the men are placed in unskilled work.)

A stout, bald-headed chap told stories about his days as a lorry-driver.

'Once I gave a lift to a couple of absconders from a girls' Borstal – not knowing where they'd come from of course: First thing I heard was a dozen police-cars tooting on my tail'.

At the end of a cordial two hours, one of my hosts, a big man with rolled-up shirt sleeves and massive forearms, who had sat very silent, looked at me suddenly.

'I think they ought to do this on a big scale', he said excitedly. 'Six out of ten would go straight, then. They wouldn't be bitter when they went out. It's some of the "screws" inside that make you bitter – nickin' you for nothin'. That's what makes a man savage.'

'Money at the back of you when you go out. That's what makes the difference', broke in the little man in the tennis shirt. He of the massive forearms took up the tale: 'If you've only 30 bob in your pocket you're skint in three days. You *have* to start thieving again.* But with the money you earn here you can get a rig-out and wait the first month or two.'

The backbone of the Bristol hostel experiment is (as the deputy governor had explained to me) a full day's work for a full day's wage. Local firms who employ the PDs from the hostel are contented enough with them to take their successors when they leave on release. Weekly earnings are around £9. Deductions for board-and-lodging total £2 15s. A pound a week is allowed as pocket-money. The rest – apart from provision for any dependents – goes into Post Office savings, which means that a man can take up to £100 odd with him when he leaves.

'Your card's stamped and up-to-date when you go out, and no questions asked at the labour,' added the little man, with a wink.

The probation officer works a short tram-ride from the hostel. When I told him I was mystified that men who had been 'drifters', unable to hold jobs for half a lifetime, were working steadily and well as brick-layers, building-labourers and pneumatic-drill operators, he smiled.

'Partly, I think, they like the idea that they're in an experiment. But of course they're on their mettle here, in another sense. They don't want to be sent back to prison.'

I asked how their workmates received the hostel men. Was their status known?

'Most of them tell of their own accord. They're conspicuous anyhow, with their new boots, overalls and raincoats. But surprisingly soon they make friends. They get invited for meals and week-ends. Quite a few have even found wives.

The probation officer has almost to give psychiatric help to some new arrivals at the hostel who come straight from six to eight years in a maximum security prison.

'They're scared stiff at first,' he said. 'They hurry back to the hostel after work almost panic-striken. It takes a week to wear off – the feeling of inadequacy, the strangeness of walking through the streets.'

About a third of the hostel men go periodically to the probation officer to talk things over. He does other things for them. He helps to re-create or keep up family-links when they exist. He arranges for wives to come to Bristol on week-end visits, during which the men stay with them at local hotels. The probation officer told me that this pre-release period in the hostel makes it much easier to counsel and advise men when they are subsequently released on licence.

'They go out from the hostel with their material needs already supplied, such as money and clothes. If they stay on in Bristol they already have a job too. This means they don't view the probation staff as relieving officers. They're more willing to bring us their personal problems. On our side we're not cluttered up with the chores attaching to the dishing out of relief. We have more time to advise them.'

But it is still too early to measure the success of the Bristol hostel experiment. It is reassuring that the scheme has already been extended to Wakefield, Wormwood Scrubs, Nottingham and Chelmsford. The figures so far are not discouraging. Out of 66 men who have passed through it since its inception in 1953, 30 have been reconvicted, but 33 have not; three have been fined; there have been seven absconders; nine men had to be sent back to prison because of weaknesses not amounting to deliquency – for overstaying home-leave, over-indulgence in alcohol and so on. But malingering at work or criminal activity during a man's stay at the hostel has simply not happened. The cases who go to the hostel are a small, picked group. They spend only the last six to nine months of their sentences there. Yet they are, by definition as preventive detainees, 'incorrigible offenders'. The encouraging developments which occur when they enter on the Bristol regime suggest that this may be the effective, as well as the economical, way of regenerating a large part of our deliquent population – and at a much earlier stage (perhaps from the outset) of their sentences. The essence of the experiment is self-supporting work, under light and humane supervision in a situation where personal responsibility can really grow.

DERRICK SINGTON

* The Central After-Care Association states that every preventive detainee released on licence is cared for by a 'Local Associate' who helps to find him accommodation and employment, aids him financially, if necessary, until he draws National Assistance, and in some cases provides tools and clothing. – ED., *NS.*

You and your Hovis

IF YOU LIKE to eat well, the bread you prefer is probably Hovis, because you have discovered it has far more flavour and goodness than ordinary brown. But why has it?

TALE OF THREE It is really a matter of the flour, for flours differ considerably in their ingredients, and the quantities of them. There are virtually just three ingredients that can be juggled with—the three parts in the grain of wheat, from which flour is made.

WHAT'S IN A GRAIN One part is the bran (or outer husk) which may or may not suit you, the second is the starchy body of the grain (the kernel), and number three is the tiny wheatgerm, the heart of the grain, which is full of goodness out of all proportion to its size.

From those ingredients, how are the recipes for different flours made up?

BREAD SECRETS To produce white loaves, all the starchy kernel is included, but none of the doubtful bran and none of the good wheatgerm. There are various recipes for brown bread flours, but usually only a part of the wheatgerm is used, and some of the bran, while wholemeal bread is made from the whole wheat grain, just as it is.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER When it comes to Hovis, the recipe shows one vital difference. Eight times *more* of the good wheatgerm—the heart of the wheat—goes into Hovis. But the bran is discarded and goes to feed animals, so that you get all the body of the grain (the kernel) plus eight times more of the wheatgerm.
It is the extra wheatgerm that gives you the extra flavour and goodness in your Hovis. So now you know . . .

DON'T JUST SAY 'BROWN'—SAY

Hovis
THAT'S BETTER!

The Arts and Entertainment

Sound and Fury

MR SAM WANAMAKER has brought down to London – to the New Theatre – one of his Liverpool productions, just at a moment when his whole venture appears to be in the balance; and Londoners can see the kind of thing which Liverpool would be missing if the New Shakespeare Theatre had to close. It is important, I think, to stress those words 'the kind of thing', because Mr Wanamaker has come in, justly as I think, for a good deal of adverse criticism for his direction of this particular play. But I imagine there would be general agreement that the production (as opposed to the direction and the acting considered technically) is up to a high standard. Mr Wanamaker is plainly providing Liverpool with first-class modern theatre.

The play in question is a Tennessee Williams of some years back, *The Rose Tattoo*, which has been kept from us previously by the Lord Chamberlain; and it suffers from the fact that in the meantime a film was made of it which was in many ways better than the play is, and which had, you may remember, Anna Magnani giving an unmatchable performance in the main role. Mr Wanamaker has introduced a very interesting Italian actress, Miss Lea Padovani to play this part for him. Miss Padovani has plainly great resources and subtlety as an actress, but she is not on anything like the scale the part calls for.

Mr Tennessee Williams specialises in – he would perhaps like to think himself the poet of – the sexual rage, displayed here in a Sicilian peasant glorying in the prowess of her husband, who claims to be a baron and is a lorry-driver smuggling dope beneath his loads of bananas. The long first act of six scenes depends entirely on the actress overwhelming us with great blasts of overheated sensuality: only then will we have a chance of believing in this woman who, when her husband is shot, isolates herself for three years in her grief, produces stigmata on her breast, lets herself degenerate into a slattern, reveres the ashes of her dead husband in her private shrine and locks her daughter in a room without any clothes because she has dated a sailor.

This extravagance of behaviour requires a matching extravagance of acting, such as Magnani gave it. Without that the behaviour of this woman seems less a rage on the grand scale than a mere series of aberrations. Of course the truth is that what Tennessee Williams does specialise in is precisely aberrations. But because he has a great theatrical flair he externalises them in roles which are blown up and then, if acted full out, give the momentary illusion of something grander, larger, more universal, aimed in fact at the tragic dimension. But because the cataracts of emotion discharged at us are generated from the fringes of experience, not its centre, they may shock us or excite us, but they don't illuminate. They make, while they are going on, a violent assault on our nerves, but they don't strike any deeper, and we go away from a Tennessee Williams play – I do at any rate – curiously empty and unsatisfied. We have been watching a display – often a very brilliant one – of emotional fireworks, and there is nothing to show for it when they have all gone out.

The insubstantiality becomes all the more obvious if the fireworks are, as in this case, a little damp. And Mr Wanamaker's direction of the incidentals is curiously tame. Mr Wanamaker's speciality is the realism we associate with the method school. Yet he completely fails here with the scenes of violence, which are such an important thread in the Tennessee Williams skein. The nasty children of the neighbourhood and the taunting women who persecute Serafina are feebly handled and seem to be mere emotional decoration. Mr Wanamaker's own performance on the other hand is first-class. He arrives in the second act as a lorry-driver who physically reminds Serafina of her husband, and he takes advantage of the fact to work his way into her bed. Mr Wanamaker's special kind of naturalism brings into the play, for the first time, a real whiff of the social climate we are supposed to be in; he is entirely credible as a casual-labouring sort of truck driver. But he adds to that a beautifully judged element of clowning that is both very funny and very true. I have never seen Mr Wanamaker better. The play takes a very different turn from this point on, and Miss Lea Padovani, no longer required to live in the full Tennessee Williams steam-heat, finds a style to match Mr Wanamaker's.

With the pressure taken off, the play becomes the story simply of how the daughter, having dated her sailor and failed to seduce him, comes back to discover the mother who had seemed so austere in bed with her new lorry-driver. This works pretty well for providing a couple of tough shock scenes; but we can't help noticing what we often notice about Tennessee Williams (when the pressure is off) that the action doesn't really in any true sense 'work out'. You remember, for instance, how, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Blanche's nymphomania is 'explained' by the discovery that her fiancé is queer. But in fact the one does not follow from the other, and the explanation seems on reflection only to have been thrown in for its additional shock value. Here, too, the action of the second half doesn't seem to follow from the first. It strikes us, to start with, that this Serafina, who is so obsessed with her husband's sexual abilities that she can give us an exact numerical account of the number of acts he has performed with her, could hardly have been totally oblivious of the fact that he was cheating her for months with the local tart. And if she were the kind of woman who was ignorant, is it even faintly possible that the discovery would release her out of her obsession into the casual acceptance of a clown like this whom she knew to be fooling her along?

An analysis of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* along these lines would turn up the same sort of discrepancies between cause and effect. Tennessee Williams is, I think, aiming always at a plane – the poetic plane I suppose it is – where such analyses are beside the point. Superb acting can sometimes persuade us, at least temporarily, that he has reached it. When that isn't present, it becomes obvious that he hasn't yet.

T. C. WORSLEY

The London Magazine

*The February Number now on sale (3s.) contains among its highlights a translation of the now famous plea for a reform of the novel by **Alain Robbe-Grillet**, OLD VALUES AND THE NEW NOVEL; a study by **Frank Kermode** of Lawrence Durrell's novels, ROMANTIC AGONIES; a new story by the brilliant young Italian writer **Alberto Arbasino,** CHRISTMAS CAROL IN MILAN; new poems by **Thom Gunn, Boris Pasternak's** poem on SHAKESPEARE, and a Foreword on LOLITA AND OBSCENITY by **John Lehmann.**

***Coming Soon:**

An entertaining account of HENRY JAMES IN CAMBRIDGE, by **Geoffrey Keynes; C. V. Wedgwood** on ART, TRUTH AND HISTORY; and **J. W. Lambert** on A NEW MUSICAL THEATRE

News from the World

OUR critics, who pick up their tit-bits of opinion like cocktail cherries, have glanced at Peter de Francia's 6ft by 12ft canvas of *The Bombardment of Sakiet* (Waddington Gallery) and murmured 'Guernica'. This is about as silly as murmuring 'Goya' in front of the Picasso. But finally this comparison is only made possible by the fact that so few such pictures have been painted.

The Sakiet canvas represents the debris of one home in the Tunisian village just after one of the French bombs has fallen: splintered planks, torn clothes, broken wicker, a fallen sewing machine, a collapsed roof, the dead, and the living whose lives have now been irrevocably broken. The composition is roughly that of a diagonal cross of violent movement, almost as though the diagonals were the paths of the blast. The havoc caused is not merely evident in the facts just described (if that were so the painting would be no more than a gruesome illustration), but also in the actual painting itself. The forms themselves are splintered and fly like chips of wood from an axe. By a boy, dead on the ground, there is a crumpled piece of red and green striped drapery, and these clashing stripes ricocheting off each other are as expressive of the violence done as the boy's still, clutching hand. The brush strokes are swift and when they describe a body their looseness emphasises physical human vulnerability: rendering a foot, a wrist, a head, they become, for all their accuracy of drawing, like straws in the wind. Before you are aware of the subject, you see a world of form split open and rent, with only the blue sky unharmed. Then, as you begin to read the incidents in the painting, the full enormity of what has happened strikes you.

This is a work of political protest. But it is also a painting in the European tradition. Like Delacroix's *Massacre at Scio* (and the sketches recall Delacroix vividly) or like Géricault's *Raft*, it deals with an actual event. It has been painted on the assumption that painting can hold its own with the other arts without becoming literary or theatrical. And the assumption is justified.

The picture has weak passages. It was not painted at Sakiet, nor could it have been. It was painted in a quiet studio 2,000 miles away. The

THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

Mr. Harald Peake reports on another successful year

Mr. Harald Peake: *"The task ahead of us is to sell in the more competitive markets at home and abroad the increasing production of our steel and tinplate works. A thriving national export trade is the key to our future prosperity."*

In the course of his Annual Statement to Shareholders, the Chairman, Mr. Harald Peake, said:

- "In a year during which the iron and steel industries of both the United States of America and of the United Kingdom have experienced a marked depression, the Company has been successful in attaining a modest increase in turnover from £109,488,348 to £113,329,707."
- "In spite of lower prices in the export market, the total value of our direct exports was £27,407,000 compared with £29,543,000 in the previous year. If the value of the indirect exports of our customers' goods is added, the total value of our products sold in the export market during the past year has increased considerably."
- "The average earnings of our workpeople continued to rise during the year, due to the continuing expenditure on new plant and machinery and to improved production methods."
- "The number of shareholders on the register is now 31,500. Approximately 40 per cent of the ordinary shares are held by insurance companies and trustees of pension funds representing many hundreds of thousands of policy holders and pensioners."
- "The Directors feel amply justified in recommending a final dividend and a special interim dividend which will bring the return to the holders of risk capital to 9 per cent, less Income Tax."
- "By the end of the year payments to meet expenditure on the Third Development Plan amounted to £30,938,956 out of the estimated total cost of £52,500,000."
- "It is hoped that an ingot production rate of 3,000,000 tons per annum will be attained early in 1960."
- "The Steel Division has done well to increase annual ingot production from 2,095,000 tons in 1957 to 2,178,000 tons in 1958."
- "In September, 1958, the Tinplate mill at Trostre achieved a record output of 11,304 tons in a week. In July, 1958, Velindre had a similar record week of 9,604 tons."
- "Export sales of tinplate represented 36 per cent of our total sales of tinplate in the year."
- "A further development plan at Newport estimated to cost £2,250,000 is now proceeding and should be in partial operation late in 1959."
- "On 31st March, 1958, the Iron and Steel Board announced a general reduction in steel prices for the home market, the first to be announced since 1938."
- "The Directors have under consideration certain projects which, if carried out, would have the effect of further increasing the production of tinplate at a fairly early date and at a comparatively low cost. A scheme on these lines might cost approximately £5,000,000 and this expenditure could be met from the Company's internal resources."
- "The current year has opened with full-time working in all divisions and the order book for the first quarter of 1959 promises well. In the second and third quarters production capacity is expected to increase as a result of additional units coming into operation. A greater trading surplus is essential to enable the Company to meet the interest on the heavy capital cost of the third development plan. The task ahead of us is to sell in the more competitive markets at home and abroad the increasing production of our steel and tinplate works. A thriving national export trade is the key to our future prosperity."

Copies of the full report can be obtained from the Secretary, Margam House, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

blast had to shrill its way through a man's conscience and imagination and there, becoming a symbol for all modern inhumanity in a way which Delacroix and Géricault never had to contend with, it occasionally buffets a form and inflates it or knocks it sideways exaggeratedly. The stomach of the pregnant woman or parts of the fleeing child – these are over-wrenched details, where the artist's imagination has been blackmailed by the news, where his emotion has become sharper than his power to visualise. Even such passages, however, are very well integrated into the organisation of the picture as a whole – their failure is in their relation to reality. And this power to organise reveals one of de Francia's great virtues as an artist: his intelligence.

It is his intelligence which makes him a professional in an age of amateurs. Look at the other works in this show – the portraits, the quarry-landscapes, the drawings – to see what this professionalism means. He has trained himself. He can draw, he can handle paint, he can compose, he can paint a picture which won't fall to bits. He can do what a well-trained apprentice used to be able to do after ten years with a master. That doesn't sound remarkable? One must remember that this is a time when artists are encouraged to make a virtue of their inabilities, and when there is no master-apprentice system, so that for a man to train himself requires the wisest and most dedicated study (de Francia's masters are Rubens, Hals, Delacroix, Courbet, Picasso, Léger) and also a belief in the dignity of painting.

It is also de Francia's intelligence which gives his work a yet rarer quality. Through his intelligence he is aware of what is happening in the world. His art deals with events. Sakiet is bombed. Men work in the sun. An Indian painter comes to London with his wife. An African girl sits thinking, her back to a reproduction of *Guernica*. The subjects of all pictures might, of course, be called events. But through all de Francia's paintings a wind blows, less violently than the blast in the Sakiet picture but no less certainly, and this wind brings with it a promise of time and distance and news.

In the portraits (one of which the Tate should buy if it takes note of anything apart from the small talk of the cocktail-cherry men) this sense of eventfulness is there in the swift Hals-like brush marks, in the colours that dart from passage to passage like light on the sea, but primarily in the intensity and clarity with which the faces are drawn and seen – as though being scrutinised like messengers. These are not in the usual sense of the word psychological portraits: they are paintings of men and women who wear the expression of our time as others wear a smile. In the quarry landscapes the sense of eventfulness is there in the most straightforwardly visual way of all. These are paintings about the way the meridional light strikes blocks of white rock. This light appears to recut and reshape the stone along the same edges as the quarry workers themselves. And so here the labour of men appears to turn sunshine into an event.

Much of de Francia's work is disturbed and disturbing. It is always clamorous. There is no quiet. He is the opposite of a classical painter. A romantic? No, because he belongs to the mid-twentieth century, and romanticism, in the usual sense of the word, cannot. It is not his own emotions which are supreme for him, but the new world he sees emerging, and which, by painting, he helps to bring about.

JOHN BERGER

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Jan. 28: "Stronger than Night"
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True Cinema

MAY I join, somewhat belatedly, in the New Year celebrations of the Everyman Cinema, which also include a season of three new films to mark its twenty-fifth anniversary? The first of these, a Clair-ish Czech spree in a car, has come and gone. I would like to direct attention to the second. This is more remarkable in all ways, being from a China of which, in films as in so much else, we know little. Sang Hu's *New Year Sacrifice* is in fact only the second Chinese film to be shown publicly in London, the first having come from the same director: that delightful film-opera, *Liang Shan-Po and Chu Ying-Tai*. It was odd, then, on the breezes of the greatest mass movement of the century, to catch a delicate, eclectic music; this time the appeal is far wider, though still not – thank goodness! – what we should 'expect' from the biggest nation in the world in the throes of becoming, perhaps, the greatest. To the Everyman, therefore, which in its time has given us premières of *Zéro de Conduite* and *The Grasshopper*, let us make our way to discover rare qualities from which the Western cinema might well, at this juncture, draw lessons.

First, however, to deal with the Western products, and with two directors, who in their time have done excellent work. John Huston's *The Roots of Heaven* (Carlton) is another of those sad, overblown, star-studded affairs with which, sooner or later, every Hollywood director who has given in to success finds himself embarrassed. He means well; he thinks big; he has slipped too far to climb back. *The Roots of Heaven* goes, as it would have us believe, to the heart of things, to Africa: there the elephants are threatened with annihilation, and a man stands up to defend them and to accuse humanity which, in its careless vindictiveness, would destroy nature before obliterating itself. This has been described as a noble theme. And so it might be if it had been explored with force, beauty, and conviction. But nobly is as nobly does; and here the treatment is vague, cringing, and delusory. None of the characters rings true, least of all the rabid idealist who will put a load of buckshot in the backside of anyone threatening his elephants. It's not Trevor Howard's fault that his speeches come in chunks from a novel far too literary to be transposed to the screen, or that, driven into exile with a band of sympathisers, he should find himself in situations demanded by the script department but by no other necessity. The whole adventure and gesture seem hopelessly unreal. Yet Huston went to Africa; some of the elephant sequences are splendid; the film starts off with a smack in the eye that only a director who has in the past shocked and delighted us could have envisaged. But what follows might as well have been left unsaid.

Second disappointment: Luciano Emmer's *Sunday in August* (at the Berkeley). This stale, perfunctory tale of lovers working in a maternity hospital and threatened with a baby of their own quite lacks the plunge into humanity which startled us in *A Day by the Sea*. The approach, maybe, is the same; the documentary heart is there; but where the skill and the passion? Were it not for the name among the titles we should not even recognise the hand at work.

However, this is only a drab, flat job of one still capable, I feel, of being an artist.

So, to the Everyman. *New Year Sacrifice* isn't, as I've suggested, what we might expect either from the New China or from the stylised enchantment of Sang Hu's fairy opera. It represents – so far as social upheaval is concerned – the change from legend to life, from the mandarin to the people: or should I say, the half-change? For this story of a peasant woman of forty years ago seeks its tragedy in that old world passed away, and realises it with a simplicity and charm drawn also from that same vanished world. The only hint of contemporary pressure is in the date chosen – 1911, a revolutionary year – and in the last line appended: 'This happened long ago; such tragedies could not occur now'. Any awareness of Western audiences would have removed this comment, which cannot but raise an ironic query; up to that last second we have been under the spell of the tale just unreeled. Let me emphasise that *New Year Sacrifice* finds a universal appeal no less by its common humanity than by the – unfortunately – old-fashioned merit of telling a good story to the best advantage. Its heroine is a peasant girl, widowed young, whose family try to sell her in marriage to a neighbour; she prefers to go off to the town, and find service with a family, who treat her well. But she is kidnapped by relatives and forced into marriage. Her husband wins her over; then in a brief space he dies and her child is stolen by a wolf. She returns to work with the family, reiterating her tragedy to all who will listen, and when it comes to celebration of the New Year with dishes including a live carp, she finds that her ill-luck has rendered her untouchable. Hands off! This traditional cruelty drives her out of the house to beg in the streets; which she does, clutching the shoes of her dead child. And so, one night, she dies. A simple tale, simply told. But need I suggest that, especially in the cinema, which hazarded its universality with speech, such a communication, in proper terms, is still the basis from which true cinema can fly off only at its own risk? I am not saying that *Citizen Kane*, *Le Million*, and *Rashomon* are aberrations; only that the norm, which one may recognise here, must not be forgotten. Needless to say, the directors of *The Roots of Heaven* and of *The Most Wonderful Moment* have forgotten it absolutely. To their cost.

There is not much more to be said about *New Year Sacrifice*, except that the heroine's part is played beautifully by Pai Yang, that Agfacolor acquires delicacy particularly in the night scenes, and that here is film which cinemagoers, not debauched by raucousness, cannot fail to enjoy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Q and A

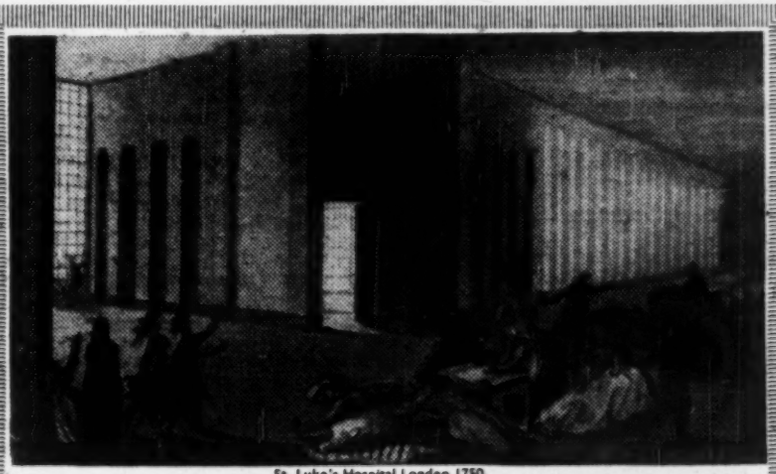
THE familiar distinction between intelligence and knowledge was illustrated in Tuesday's edition of the BBC television quiz *Ask Me Another:* an academic team from Cambridge was crushingly defeated by the BBC's 'resident team'. I am not saying that the residents are not intelligent, but facts are their speciality; whereas David Daiches, for instance – who has discoursed articulately and learnedly on *The Brains Trust* – was reduced to an embarrassed or sullen silence, being ignorant even of the imminence of the 21st Congress of the CPSU. The residents included two people who have rapidly become celebrated as 'characters', Dr Mostyn Lewis, a hoary and happy old man who can be counted on, every few seconds, for a peal of laughter that makes the picture wobble, and 'Farmer' Edward Moult, who shambles round a question so incoherently, but with such an intuitive sense of something like the answer, that his score is high.

In such a show the only person who has a real chance of using his intelligence is the chairman; and Franklin Engelmann is, to my mind, the best quiz-master in the business – composed, tactful, quick of wit and tempo, and free from the awful professional illiteracy which most of the commercial quiz-masters feign (as one must, in charity, assume), in order to give the viewers a cosy sense of identification with them and their contestants. (One recently pretended not to know how to pronounce the name of the architect Pugin.)

I enlarge on this not very important programme for two reasons: because it shows that a merely factual quiz can be viewable without the big-money prizes considered necessary on ITV, and because its audience was almost certainly enlarged this week by the unconscious sadism, latent in all quiz-viewers, which such entertainments harmlessly release and satisfy; for the word 'resident' was a euphemism of one member of the team – Mrs Leonora Millington. Mrs Millington has been a typical divine victim of the popular press – first subjected to excessive adulatory publicity because she answered some questions correctly in Granada's *Twenty-one* (now *quasi-sub-judice*), then assassinated because she answered some questions incorrectly in this BBC quiz.

On Tuesday night any conscious sadist must have revelled in the first glimpse of her – distraught, trembling, biting her lip and (rather inelegantly) puffing. The BBC had already announced that, because she had been such a flop, the option on her services was not being taken up and this would be her last appearance. But then – to the general astonishment, to the chagrin of some, and to the evident delight of her nice, homely fellow-teamsters – she rallied remarkably and answered correctly some quite difficult questions (*e.g.*, what do *the Queen's hmner* and *limitrophe* mean, where is Gan Island?) The BBC ought to give her another chance (if she wants it, after this harrowing experience of life in the public eye). But it should be possible to find six people of whom one at least can furnish a correct definition of steak *tartare*: all six, disgracefully, fluffed this on Tuesday.

The more serious television programmes have climbed out of their Christmas trough. Sunday's *Monitor* was notable for an extract from the play *The Long and the Short and the Tall* and for John Freeman's interview with its author, Willis Hall, who emerged as a far more direct and likeable, because less 'literary', person than Georges Simenon, also interviewed (on film) in the same programme. At the moment Mr Freeman and William Clark are the most successful TV interviewers: Mr Clark's assembly of foreign correspondents from many countries provided ITV with two adult discussions on the state of the world. *Panorama*, too, continues to get creditable scoops, following its China edition with a quick show of Mikoyan's American press conference. But – I am sorry to keep on nagging at them – those in charge of this programme really ought to realise the responsibility that they have, with their immense audience, to present controversial issues fairly: it



St. Luke's Hospital London 1750

INSANITY OR ILLNESS?

ITV
London and the North
WEDNESDAY
JANUARY 28th
8.30 pm

Our attitude towards mental illness has changed in the last 200 years, but the problem is still with us.

DO YOU KNOW:

- In England and Wales one person in every 20 will spend some part of his life in a mental hospital?
- One family in five will have someone affected by mental disorder?
- Nearly half the hospital beds in the National Health Service (44%) are occupied by mental patients?

Patients, nurses and members of the medical profession will be giving their views in the Granada programme: INSANITY OR ILLNESS?

GRANADA TV

is possible to be objective without being dull. This week's item on Dungeness and the siting of power-stations was put over by Chris Chataway (who ought to know better) in the form of a simple, and false, antithesis, 'Can birds and botany be weighed against the importance of atomic power?' supported by such statements, equally false, as that the Central Electricity Generating Board was 'certain' that this site was 'uniquely' valuable. Opponents of the present siting policy were sneered at as a 'mixed bag' of cranks with merely 'sectional' interests. For a reason which was explained (the public inquiry), the main parties to the dispute were not represented: the item should have been held up until they could be, and until *Panorama's* researchers had dug up a point which was not mentioned at all – the policy behind the government directive on siting.

The BBC's *Slice of Life* from the Pool of London, pretentiously pre-boosted as a new OB experiment, turned out pretty ghastly (and it must have been hell doing it in the heavy rain). Stephen Grenfell, looking like a poor man's Duke of Norfolk in an old trench-coat and heavy leather gloves, roamed restlessly around asking questions and rarely staying for the answers: he reverted with tedious frequency to the subject of strikes, and seemed anxious to make what should have been a straight documentary into a vehicle for propaganda. Worst of all was his insufferably patronising *bonhomie*: fish-porters were 'an interesting bunch', the older dockers were 'pretty sound chaps', but 'these youngsters' – ah, no! *they* are 'hotheads' who go in for 'wildcat' action. With his incessant backslapping and elbow-clutching and apostrophising of 'you chaps', he was like the commanding officer of the OTC at an early-Waugh private school.

TOM DRIBERG

Encounter

The February issue, just out, includes

Richard Lowenthal
CROSSROADS BERLIN

C. A. R. Crosland
WHAT DOES THE WORKER WANT?

Bertrand Russell
MY PHILOSOPHICAL DEVELOPMENT

F. W. Dupee
"LOLITA" IN AMERICA

J. M. Cohen
SPANISH POETRY SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

Peter Wildeblood
THE BOYS WHO CRIED WOLFENDEN

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

Correspondence

SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL

SIR,—Being a prospective Labour candidate facing a Tory majority nearly 13,000 strong, it is with a wry interest that I read Paul Johnson's article.

At the moment I am lending such hand as I can to the task of selling the pamphlet, *The Future Labour Offers You*, to our local public. We need all the assistance we are able to prod from our sympathisers, and I cannot honestly say that the line of argument developed in the article will, on balance, be helpful to us. It seems to me that the strictures on nine-tenths of our programme are, by sheer weight of numbers, likely to dampen more enthusiasm among our supporters than will be kindled by the admission that colonial relations should benefit from Labour direction.

May I put two points, although they are naive, to Paul Johnson and his young intellectuals? The first is that a Labour government is probably more susceptible than a Conservative government to Socialist opinion in the country. The second is that no Socialist programme, even one devised by Paul Johnson, will have much hope of full implementation in Britain until Toryism has been exorcised by decisive defeats at the polls.

Party members have now been asked by the party leadership to put our agreed policy across to the public. We have had our discussion as a party, we have reached our majority decisions. Surely we can now devote a few weeks to dissemination in the certain knowledge that many happy years of fracticidal argument still lies ahead of most of us.

CHARLES H. ARCHIBALD

9 Woodlands Road
Isleworth

SIR,—Paul Johnson has asked us to fight in the next election and gives us arguments as to the value of our efforts. Reading through his article and taking each point we ask ourselves whether this compares with the appeal of the Thirties. The youth were then offered campaigns in Spain, the horrors of unimployment, the threat of Nazi Germany. They were causes and principles demanding all their energies. The list of movements, groups and societies that then sprung up have become legend.

From all sides we are accused of being apathetic, disinterested and unadventurous. What has happened to our energy and drive? Should we all be sent to the psychiatrist for treatment? What, in fact, are we doing? We buy records and go ski-ing. We take our examinations much more seriously and plan our careers. If we work assiduously and don't waste too much of our energy on outside activities we may even become a junior manager in ICI by the time we're 30. The prospects are good. The better jobs are going to younger men now. With an expense allowance and a company house we are assured of a comfortable and secure future.

But what about our Socialist principles? We are interested, of course. We read the NEW STATESMAN—and the *New Scientist*. Conditions in Cyprus are terrible. So many are starving in Asia and the South African government is oppressing its subjects. But then there are four pages devoted to company reports and another to a unit trust advertisement. If I keep my £50 in the savings bank, I am informed, its value depreciates. If I invest on the stock exchange the share index will keep just above the cost of living index and thus I will be saving wisely. But isn't this part and parcel of the capitalist system? Am I, by using unearned income, exploiting the working class? The financial columns have warned that a return of the Labour Party will lead to a catastrophic fall in steel shares. Perhaps this is what is called a 'dilemma'.

No. We are not satisfied with this smug middle-class complacency, but until we are offered inspired leadership and principles worth while fighting for we won't bother to go to the polls.

NORMAN CHIGIER

Cambridge

BRAVE NEW WORLD

SIR,—Geoffrey Goodman's article on Seascale is to be welcomed because of his unusually shrewd and accurate observations of the physical conditions under which we live. It is all the more unfortunate, therefore, that he has sought to highlight social and caste distinctions that are largely illusory.

Division of employees into 'staff' and 'industrials' is nothing new. These are terms inherited from the Civil Service and are no more significant than the division between 'management' and 'workers' or 'operatives' in any conventional industry. There is a widely held and quite erroneous belief that because atomic energy is a new scientific development, it requires or gives rise to a new kind of human animal to exploit it. On the contrary, you will find precisely similar men on the managing and research side of any large technical manufacturing concern; precisely similar men watching the dials and operating the machines and a precisely similar social relationship between them. The only factor that tends to make Seascale unique is that a large fraction of the total population is employed by the one concern—the Atomic Energy Authority. We lack the usual diluting influence of the other professions, the crafts and the arts. The structure of 'management' and operatives, which, during working hours, is commonplace, at Seascale to some extent retains its integrity into leisure time whereas elsewhere it is dissipated with the five o'clock rush.

Nevertheless, after seven years at Seascale I would say that a person's 'grade' at work has no influence on his social standing in the community. Just as in any community, this depends purely on the character and social attributes of the individual.

The suggestion of fundamental class differences implicit in Mr Goodman's mention of 'still more graduates from Cambridge' just does not hold true—even if it is accepted that an Oxford or Cambridge degree retains any class significance these days. Any survey of the origins of the technical staff at Windscale and Calder Hall would show a heavy preponderance of provincial universities and technical colleges, with quite a few graduates having obtained their qualifications by part-time study.

There are two main considerations which concern us at Seascale and class distinction is not one of them. The first is educational prospects for our children, which, as Mr Goodman points out, are poor. The second is our intellectual, artistic and material isolation. This admittedly throws us back on our own resources but also starves us of amenities that are taken for granted in most places.

The high birth-rate about which Mr Goodman professes curiosity has a mundane statistical explanation. Atomic Energy is a young industry and is staffed mainly by the young to early middle-aged.

To sum up: Seascale is socially interesting because it represents a community in which some social elements are concentrated whereas others are totally lacking; but it is quite wrong to suggest that it contains any relationships that are not observable elsewhere.

D. A. COLLINS

15 Wastwater Rise
Seascale, Cumberland

LOLITA

SIR,—I have no wish to embroil myself in the brawling about *Lolita*, a clever and interesting, though questionable, book which seems to me to have aroused passions and an outpouring of words beyond its worth.

However, a point arises out of Mr Robert Pitman's letter. In drawing his sinister portrait of Nabokov, Mr Pitman describes a scene in *Lolita* where the nymphet's middle-aged lover notices a bruise on her thigh, and Mr Pitman says that a similar bruise is to be found 'on a ten-year-old girl who is lovingly described in Nabokov's autobiography *Speak Memory*—the scene in her case being on a beach near Nice in 1910'.

Actually, Mr Pitman is wrong. The girl in this incident in *Speak Memory* is aged nine. But Mr

Pitman omits to mention – accidentally, I'm sure – that Nabokov gives his age at this time as ten. Perhaps Mr Pitman is in favour of complete segregation of the sexes from weaning onward?

KENNETH ALLSOP

Holwell, Hitchin.

JOHN GORDON

SIR,—I have undertaken to write a biography, as yet unauthorised, *The Private Life of John Gordon*, and I should be grateful to any of your readers for any unpublished letters or anecdotes that they can supply. Any letters will be carefully copied and returned.

GRAHAM GREENE

Albany, W1

FILM CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Mr Brunel and Mr Wistrich have conflicting views about the film *Operation Teutonic Sword*. I would only like to ask whether, in assessing its genuineness, anyone can believe that a German document, dealing with the murder of a reigning monarch, would merely be marked *Geheim* (Secret) and not be in cypher? Would the name of an agent conceivably be mentioned? And is not 'Hochachtungsvoll' a commercial rather than a military term? Lastly, I believe that the term 'Hauptmann im Generalstab' was not re-introduced until many months later than the letter is supposed to have been written.

These points all occur in the alleged correspondence, between Speidel and Goering, reproduced in facsimile in the publication issued from East Germany in support of the film. The East Germans must be hard pressed if, in trying to blacken a man's character, they cannot do better than this.

A. D. DODDS-PARKER

House of Commons

G. D. H. COLE

SIR,—I was a schoolboy when I first read the article on Guild Socialism by Cole and Mellor in the old *Daily Herald*. I first met Cole when, as an undergraduate, I went to a Labour Research Department Summer School in the early Twenties. What struck me then about Cole was his gaiety and sense of humour – he could make fun of all the foibles of the Left, without either cynicism or bitterness. All my life I have admired Cole, along with Tawney, as the greatest living exponent of Socialism in Britain.

Cole has always been a democratic and libertarian Socialist. His sympathies have been with radicals like Cobbett and with associationist Socialists like Robert Owen rather than with the apostles of large-scale organisation and the state. It was on these grounds that he broke with the Fabians before the war of 1914-18. His belief in freedom for the worker in his work was at the root of his advocacy of Guild Socialism and self-government in industry, and also of his interest in co-operation. He never forgot that the real unit of social action is the individual human being, not the system, the class, the union or the party.

This is perhaps why, almost alone among British Socialists, Cole managed to avoid committing himself to the internecine divisions of the movement. As a lover of freedom he saw, more clearly than most of us on the left did, the evils of Soviet Communism; but he realised, as the right wing did not, its immense historic importance; he never took the cheap and easy course of sneering and jeering at it. He appreciated to the full the core of valid social theory in Marxism, but never embraced Marxism as a creed, in the way so many of us did in the Thirties.

His intellectual clarity, his complete honesty of purpose, his freedom from personal ambition and petty jealousy, his love of fellowship made him a man whose loss is hard to bear and whose like it is hard to find in the movement today.

H. D. DICKINSON

Bristol

A MOST URGENT APPEAL

For two years the agony of the accused in the South African treason trial, and of all those dependent on them, has dragged on. Last August the prosecution found that, if the existing indictment were persisted in, acquittal would be inevitable. So what did the prosecution do? It withdrew the indictment—and let it be known that a new indictment would be drafted and the whole torment started all over again. The trial of 30 of the accused on the old charge of high treason began again on January 19th; the remaining 61 are to wait for their ordeal till an unspecified date some time in April. That such cat-and-mouse misery could be inflicted by a civilised government in the twentieth century seems incredible; but, alas, there is all too much evidence in Southern Africa today of the inhumanity to which those who believe in apartheid can be driven.

We have received a most urgent appeal for money from South Africa—for a sum of money far in excess of what we have so far been able to send. This money is wanted for two purposes. It would be dreadful if these unhappy people should not continue to be adequately defended; and we simply must have large sums in hand for the support of their families and—if that should ever be possible—for their eventual rehabilitation. This is a debt that white humanity owes to black humanity; and what should we feel like if we refused to pay that debt?

The reader of this advertisement has almost certainly contributed already. We now want him to contribute again, and more than before—just because the thing has been going on for two years, and is now, incredibly, to start all over again. The prosecution in South Africa is tenaciously persisting in its inhumanity; let us persist as tenaciously in our humanity.

On behalf of all the sponsors, we urge you to send your maximum contribution (payable to Christian Action, please) for the fund established by Christian Action to provide legal aid and defence for victims of unjust racial laws in Southern Africa, to support their families and dependants, and to help to keep the conscience of the world alive to the issues at stake, to **The Treasurer, Defence and Aid Fund, 2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4.**

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A. J. P. TAYLOR
HAROLD WILSON
BARBARA WOOTTON

SIR,—In his admirable tribute to G. D. H. Cole, Kingsley Martin says that 'he became, in due course, fellow of Magdalen, New College, and All Souls'. Cole was a fellow of University and not of New College. He held his fellowship here for 19 years from 1925 to 1944, and he was elected to an honourary fellowship shortly after he became Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory in that year. I would have hesitated to point out this slip if it had not been for the great pride we feel in his long and distinguished association with this college. He did much of his best work while he was here. He was an ideal college tutor, for he was able to inspire his pupils even when they disagreed with him.

It would be difficult to think of a more delightful colleague, especially at college meetings. His remarkable power of expression enabled him, when there was a difference of opinion, to draft resolutions which would often be accepted by those who began by holding conflicting views. His obvious sincerity and selflessness gave added force to everything he said.

ARTHUR GOODHART

University College
Oxford

[Kingsley Martin writes: I am grateful to Sir Arthur Goodhart for drawing attention so pleasantly to my inexplicable slip.—ED., *NS*]

THE DEFENCE OF MACHARIA

SIR,—Rawson Macharia has been indicted before the courts of Kenya for swearing a false affidavit. In his affidavit he said that the evidence he gave against Jomo Kenyatta was false and that inducement had been offered to him by the government of Kenya to give false evidence. The brief for the defence of Macharia is in the hands of Mr D. N. Pritt, QC, who was counsel for the defence in the original trial of Kenyatta. There have already been certain costs incurred in connection with this trial and more are inevitable. It is of the greatest importance that the defence is in no way embarrassed for lack of funds.

We ask your readers to subscribe generously for this purpose. Subscriptions should be sent to the Macharia Defence Funds, c/o Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

FENNER BROCKWAY
House of Commons JOHN STONEHOUSE

UPPER CONGO

SIR,—On 17 January you referred to the possible effect of the 'more primitive people of the Upper Congo' enjoying 'rights denied to their more sophisticated [African] neighbours in Nyasaland and the Rhodesias'. The previous week your column contained some caustic comments on the alleged 'aggressive tactics' of our leader, Dr Hastings Banda. (I am publicity secretary to the Nyasaland African Congress, and a member of the Legislative Council of Nyasaland.)

May I suggest that with a reconsideration of Federation in 1960 coinciding with the clamours of the white settlers for Dominion status, some urgent and material changes are demanded at once in Nyasaland. Already, against the clearly expressed wishes of the Africans we have had Federation imposed upon us. Unless Nyasaland can make swift strides towards an African State, what guarantee can be have that we shall not be incorporated into a White Settler Dominion dedicated like South Africa to the permanent subjection of the African majority by the European minority?

It is untrue that in demanding secession from Federation we are deserting the Africans in the Rhodesias. The welcome which Dr Banda had from the Africans recently in Southern Rhodesia shows that the majority of our fellow Africans in these territories understand this, if Mr Nkumbula does not. N. Rhodesia is as free as we are to demand secession and every free country in Africa with a democratic constitution will be a bastion against those forces which would turn back the clock and intensify white dominion over us. Just as Guinea will act as a catalyst to other French-controlled territories so might an independent Nyasaland hasten the achievement of freedom for other British territories. It is true that African leaders suffer a disadvantage compared with Europeans in contacting their counterparts in Central Africa, because they are not free to move about as easily. The recent banning of Dr Banda and Mr Chipembere from the Rhodesias will gravely aggravate this situation.

Your editorial also criticises us because he says we have no reasoned alternative to federation which can feed our people. May I remind you that we managed to eat and to have a Budget surplus before Federation was imposed and that, while our leader was in London last year he discussed and published articles which dealt in detail with the economic development of a free and independent Nyasaland. I do not wish to lengthen this letter by repeating these arguments here but I can assure you that we are not fighting so that our people may starve in freedom.

M. W. KANYAMA CHIUME
200 Gower Street, WC1

ROOMS FOR OVERSEAS STUDENTS

SIR,—Many of your readers will have seen with interest the paragraph in 'London Diary' on the recent opening of the hostel for young people from overseas, established through the initiative of the British-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship. Some of them may be considering the letting of a room themselves to an overseas student, for example, from Asia or Africa, who urgently needs somewhere to live—and would welcome information on how to set about it.

I write now to say that details will gladly be provided by Student Welfare (London) Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, W1, or by the Area Offices of the British Council, to be found in most of the University towns of the United Kingdom.

M. L. HARFORD

Go Forth And Multiply?

A survey from the Western viewpoint of the problem of rising world population.

Contributors:

BERTRAND RUSSELL

SIR JULIAN HUXLEY

DR. MICHAEL RAMSEY
(Archbishop of York)

THE MOST REV. J. C. HEENAN
(Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool)

Professor JOHN BERNAL

CHAIRMAN: ROBIN DAY

MONDAY, JAN. 26th—10.15 p.m.

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The Greek Experience

To write properly about Greece one would need to borrow a pen. There are plenty of Greek pens about this winter, good pens too, and it would only be a matter of choosing. There is Osbert Lancaster's pen, ironical, sedate, masking a deep connoisseur's passion beneath a bland Byzantine lift of the eyebrow. There is Mr Leigh-Fermor's pen, peering and quizzical, his deep-laid outlandish objectives camouflaged by his camera-shutter eye and rapid time exposures. There is Mr Robert Liddell, the gifted fusspot whom none of us can do without, and on the high shelves there are the magicians, the great evokers – *e.g.* Sir Maurice Bowra, who continues to bring treasures old and new out of Greek art and thought. His enthusiasm is a princely gift in itself – whether it is displayed in the eagle mists at Delphi, on the seashore by Hera's temple at Samos or in the admirably lighted and perfectly disposed galleries of the National Museum at Athens (which, as he snortingly informs you, though it houses the treasure of Mycenæ, contains no memorial to Schliemann). Above all, there is Pater, poor golden Pater, who never managed to get to Greece but has distilled it all for us in his essays.

There is also – and let us never forget him – Mr Henry Miller, whose rip-roaring account of Greece and its inhabitants is the ideal unconventional introduction to the country. One of the good things about life is that the right book happens sometimes to be there at just the right time. I read *The Colossus of Maroussi* on the beach at Sounion last September and continued it later, the same evening, back in Athens in a small eating-house in the Plaka, dining greasily on kebab and green lemons cooked over charcoal and drinking *retzina* served in copper measuring-cups. I owe Mr Miller a lot.

Miller is essential to any discussion of Hellenic travel because his basic aim – to get into the country at any price and damn the travel-snob consequences – is the proper aim of every decent Hellenist. This is why Greek cruises are such a success and why they are increasingly patronised by so many intelligent and discriminating people. True, Mr Patrick Anderson (in his recent book, *First Footsteps in Greece*) was shocked by the tourists on the Acropolis, but, speaking personally, his fastidiousness leaves me unmoved. For myself, I would rather visit the Acropolis – and Mars Hill and the site of the *Lysistrata* – in the company of a boatload of friendly acquaintances, more especially if a Bowra, a Professor Syme, a Father Mathew or any other expert who is also a first-class lecturer is there to help kindle my imagination.

The food on board ship was good, plentiful and a shade monotonous. (You can't help getting bored with all that tunny-fish, cold sliced meat and black olives of endless age.) Drinks, if you stuck to *ouzo* or *raki* and eschewed English spirits, were cheap. There was plenty of companionship but none of that cloying shipboard *camaraderie* which, to judge by the novels of the period, was such a feature of pre-war cruises. (This is probably due to the fact that the whole intensive itinerary took a bare 16 days. One was generally landed at a new port or on a new island at first light and disembarked after a 7.30 a.m. breakfast. After all, we weren't there for our health; we had come to see Greece.

And what a vast deal we did see in the short time that the cruise lasted. From Katakolo to Olympia and from there a wild cross-country run by bus across the northern coast of the Peloponnese to Patras – and the muddiest beach I've ever bathed on. On in the night through the Corinth Canal – sinister and Wellsian to wake up and find yourself gliding between those lunar banks of concrete – and north up the coast of Attica. To Chalcis (substituted with notable and last-minute efficiency for Delos, which high seas had made unapproachable) – a sad, forgotten little port, abandoned seemingly by all but ourselves and Mr Onassis, whose yacht bestrode the harbour. (Great excitement at a real-life glimpse of Miss Garbo in the lounge of the local hotel.) Here, instead of viewing Roman ruins, I cut adrift, hired a dilapidated victoria and was jogged happily for half-an-hour up and down the steep lanes that ring the bricked-up Venetian fortress. And later, in a café, I found a guide – a kindly teacher of English who took me around the churches and the deserted mosque (now a granary) and told me of his wartime life with Lovat's Scouts on the mainland.

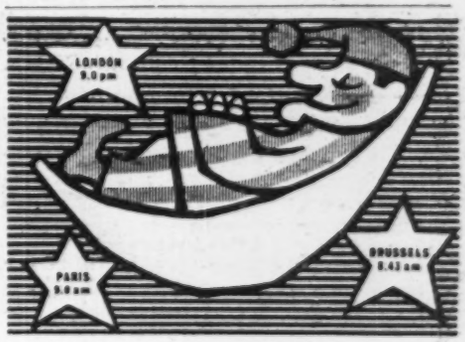
From Chalcis we sailed to Salonika, whose churches, monasteries, peacocks and rich medieval life at the back of the old town beside the city walls are all that Mr Lancaster and their other admirers have declared them to be. Dinner at night on the quay, with fireworks and the lanterns lighting up the caiques, was a memorable affair and set the seal on our visit.

On through the Hellespont to Gallipoli, where all was fitly and decently performed, prayers read, a wreath lowered, and the flags of Britain and Turkey flown at half-mast. (I thought of Forster's great dialogue of the Graves on Achi Baba – 'What! A Turk! You a Turk? And I have lain beside you for seven years and never known!') And so on to the unholy city of Byzantium and the long, wonderful approach in the dawn up the Bosphorus. Save for St Sophia (hung with huge and dreadful Koranic texts like the tops of Victorian tea caddies), the stupendous mosques and the Bazaar quarter (where we watched a carpet auction), my brief impression of Istanbul tallied with Dick Hannay's in *Greenmantle* – 'a dingy colonial suburb – wooden houses and corrugated iron roofs and endless dirty sallow children . . . I saw one old fellow who looked my notion of a Turk, but most of the population had the appearance of London old clothes-men'. Boot-faced and boot-mouthed – how the persistence of that horrible monosyllable *'yok!'* gets the traveller down! – the Turks have an exquisite talent for ugliness.

And so south once more to Troy, which is really as tremendous as its legend. The plains are ringing – though today it is only with sheep bells – and the site itself is windy enough. To stand on these heights and look down on the two streams, Simois and Scamander, is worth coming a great way for.

From Troy we sailed to Samos, Patmos and so back, by way of Athens, Delphi and Itea. I had never enjoyed a holiday so much, never seen so much (except in India) or retained such a heap of travellers' impressions. There would seem to be something sharp about the Greek landscape which fixes it in the memory. I should hate to believe that I shall never visit it again.

JOHN RAYMOND



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The Going is Still Good

ROBERT LYND used to write charmingly about 'the pleasures of not travelling'. I don't deny that such slothful pleasures exist but they weigh as nothing in the balance against the satisfaction of curiosity. This itch of seeing for myself has been with me as long as I can remember. It became a boyhood obsession when I read Jeffrey Farnol's *Broad Highway* and dreamed of wandering like R.L.S., but with a bicycle instead of a donkey to carry my pack. Only the other day I was pulled up short on the Oxford main road by the memory of a chance conversation on the climb to Stokenchurch in the days before anyone had thought of a by-pass. There followed a period of passion for Cotswold and Kentish churches. Before I was 16 (at the doctor's suggestion, I was told) I was sent by the cheapest and slowest route to South Africa; I recall the excitement of my first sight of foreign parts at Teneriffe and Cape Town, and I became fascinated with Africa. But the old boat broke down three times and took five weeks on the way out and I decided, prematurely, that boats were a bore. Today, after much flying, I can see the virtue of sea travel. It is not only Mr Dulles, Selwyn Lloyd and the like who would benefit by enforced periods for reflection; all experience is better garnered and recollected in tranquillity. The best compromise I ever knew was to travel by the flying boats that have now unhappily disappeared. In 1930 I went up in one over the extinct volcanos of Iceland and nearly 20 years later, when I first travelled east, I did so in great comfort, flying each day for four or six hours and landing each evening in a delicious flurry of water onto the surface of the Nile, the Hoogly or the harbour at Rangoon. This way it took six days to get to Burma instead of a month by boat or a day and a half by plane.

* * *

I still think that the ideal half-hurried way to reach a far destination is by short aircraft hops with the nights aground spent at chosen places. It is a mistake to think that one cannot gain by even a few hours or days in a strange town; it may be enough to implant a lasting image of beauty in one's mind; it starts an interest so that in future every time one reads the name one goes on inquiring instead of passing it over along with all the other daily flotsam and jetsam. Today one is prevented from making such rewarding short stops by the absurdities of customs and 'immigration'. Even 'in transit', there are countless forms and little postcards to be completed; the pretence is maintained that the police want to know whether every one of 10,000 passengers, who drink a cup of coffee during half an hour's stop at an airport, is married, single or divorced. One man told me that, never remembering his passport number (and who does?) he puts down any figures that occur to him – for instance, his number as a member of the Co-op – and that no one has ever yet noticed. Another friend fills up the health card which asks where he spent each of the preceding 14 nights, with a list of girl friends: the night before 'Mary'; two nights ago 'Sybil'; and so on. I often envisage the vast stacks of paper and pasteboard representing the rape of goodness knows how many acres of virgin forest stored up in innumerable police hutments providing no doubt, good bonfire kindling on cold nights. And this is only for transit passengers! No wonder one thinks twice before voluntarily submitting to the formalities of luggage and currency clearance in order to stay for a night or two at Cairo (or London if one is not English).

Neither bureaucracy nor poverty stopped me when I was young. As an undergraduate I saved money by always cycling to Cambridge with my spare pair of ancient flannel trousers in a cardboard suitcase strapped to the back. And what I saved by eating home-made porridge for breakfast and bread and cheese and marmalade for lunch was enough to make possible exhilarating excursions in the vacations. The great thing was to save hotel expenses. Once I even persuaded two fellow students to cycle with me to the Lake District bound by an oath never to sleep in a bed on the way; in fact, haystacks and barns were perfectly comfortable. In the hot summer of 1921, I remember the magic of waking up at sunrise in the huddle of a crowded railway carriage and for the first time seeing, through the half-pulled curtains, the Rhine, with its heraldic castles perched on the little hills, romanticised by Wagnerian mist. At Nuremburg we were greeted with the news which still, by some odd trick, haunts my memory, that Dempsey had knocked out Carpentier. That summer we spent a month in Austria and Bavaria. On occasion we slept in the woods at night; in the broiling heat of the day we walked, stopping at intervals to drink many pints of Munich beer. It is only recently that I again visited the little towns that still, surviving the war, nestle in the Alpine foothills. There is no better country for walking. But this time I was not lucky enough to see the nests of storks amongst the chimneys.

* * *

A car, of course, has its points – that is if you are strong minded enough to go slowly and absolutely refuse the temptation to stick to a planned route or hurry to reach a destined hotel. I know no other way, for instance, by which I would have seen the most bewitching town I ever visited. At Christmas Isphahan was not a garden of fountains and houris and nightingales; it was frozen stiff and we ate wild boar chops, roasted by an Armenian in the most unexpected of road houses. But generally speaking (except perhaps in Ireland) I disapprove of cars for a holiday. They limit one's contacts. I have had more fun in trains. R.L.S. quite rightly said that in spite of carping critics there are 'worse ways of seeing the countryside than from the window of a railway train'. One can read, and talk in comfort by way of a change from window-gazing. I remember few days that I have enjoyed more than those spent in what the Americans call a roomette between Los Angeles and Chicago. Here I was quite alone (unless I wanted company in the lounge car) with everything the body needed in a tiny compartment with no one to disturb me, with unlimited leisure, sitting or lying as I wanted, reading, writing or, more probably, idly watching the painted desert of Arizona or the waving cornfields of Kansas.

* * *

If I expect a reaction towards the slower means of travel it will not be because I despise the air. I merely foresee the time when it will be distinguished to go on foot or horse back or boat because the populace crowds the aerodromes. But that is not yet. How superior we privileged mortals still are today as we fly above the clouds while the vast mob of travellers queue up at the turnstiles of Europe like so many cattle scheduled for dipping! Admittedly, it is only occasionally that views from an aircraft are really rewarding. From this point of view the North Pole route, that sounded so exciting, was a dead loss. It was a

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wonderfully quick, but quite dark way home from Australia; in summer it would be perpetually light. Often one gets tired of looking down on a floor of cloud and one must wake early to catch the fleeting moment of staggering colour as the sun rises above them. One can seldom recall the details of things seen from aircraft. And yet, as I say that, a multitude of images crowd into my mind. A phalanx of pink flamingos rising off the water as we left Tunis for Italy; the coconut palms and paddy fields and fishing boats as we flew low over the Malabar coast; the excitement when the pilot pointed out a new island just born in the Indian Ocean. Most memorable of all, a group of Pacific atolls, turquoise jewels, rimmed with black rock with an edging of gamboge sand on which a sapphire sea broke in clouds of white foam. Nor shall I forget the strange colours I saw in the early morning in the oily waters of the Persian Gulf. All these are sudden, unexpected gifts of God. Like many other travellers I am used to the dazzling necklace of lights over Paris or London, the night sky upside down, as it were, and once launched I read my Agatha Christie or Graham Greene, doze, and when I am lucky, as I very often am, find a neighbour of similar interests to my own.

* * *

Airports have not acquired the romance of harbours, or even of railway terminals. They are impersonal. In time, I expect, their architectural opportunities will be realised, and they will develop national characteristics. The new airfield at Rangoon is the only one I know of which is decorated by native artists in their own individual style. There are a few that have developed distinction; Rome, I think, particularly. I remember one day standing at the airport and seeing, or so it seemed to me, all the many craft suddenly bunch up out of the way like so many small fish in a tank at the entrance of a pike. The Comet arrived screaming, and seemed to have the airport to itself. Of Le Bourget I also have special memories, particularly of the desperate good will of Air France when, unable to get its planes off the ground because of a strike, it provided us with its luxurious champagne lunch inside the stationary plane on the tarmac.

The other day, leaving Australia, the passenger in front of me began industriously to type on his knees. It was the proper way, he said, to use the time. I knew that he was right, but I noticed that after about five minutes he, too, was reading and dozing. If the truth is to be told, nights on aircraft are apt to seem long – very long indeed if you are travelling tourist in a crowded plane in company with babies perhaps not yet reconciled to the fact of being alive. If the tourist end is half empty the night may be comfortable. Not everyone knows that the elbow rests between the seats are movable, and that two or three seats make a comfortable bed. In the first class you can stretch your legs, which is the main un-snob reason for choosing it. The other advantages are some extra kilos of free baggage and plenty of free drinks. But you must either have a very good expense account or be a very heavy drinker to make these luxuries worth £50 a night.

* * *

I don't suppose I shall ever explore outer space. If that doesn't disappoint me it is because I don't expect to find on Venus or Mars any of the stimulatory realities that their names suggest. You need to know something, but not much, about countries you are going to visit. A geologist or botanist may, of course, be a good traveller, but the chances are he will miss a lot about people he meets. A desire to know and a roving eye are the essentials. Don't be put off by being told you are a tourist; you probably are, and if you are an inquiring one, why not? A guide-book is often a good companion; a guide is usually a bad one because he distracts your attention to what is considered important from what is important to you. For my part, I fall into a state of resentful coma directly guides start talking. Nor do I think, looking back, that it really matters whether you walk, bicycle, sit on a horse or trudge behind a mule, squash into a crowded train, share the fleas with the cocks and hens in a country bus, travel in a minister's Rolls-Royce, hedge-hop in a Moth or skim the world's atmosphere in a Comet. The going is still good, whatever Evelyn Waugh says about it, provided you have an inquiring mind. Faith, hope and curiosity are the traveller's virtues; and the greatest of these is curiosity.

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Phagomania and Fish

SOMEONE, somewhere, is typing final footnotes to his thesis on *Tourism in Mid-Twentieth Society*. It is a very big, valuable work. The reader who studies it with proper attention will find at the end that he is equipped with nearly all necessary knowledge about the Spirit of the Age, Economic Trends, Psychosomatic Medicine, Nationalism, Internationalism, the Dilemma and the Predicament. For understanding of all these is implicit in the knowledge and understanding of how many people went whither, whence, for purposes other than those of commercial profit, or organised killing and the subjugation of nations.

There is – and rightly so – a large section of the work devoted to Ireland. For it is an attested fact that almost any phenomenon or facet of modern life when dipped, so to speak, into Ireland, tends to reveal its shape and diverse qualities with novel and singular sharpness and clarity. And a reason why people who have spent just a fortnight in Ireland go home feeling that they have been further and longer away from home than others who have spent three months going round the world, is precisely the uniqueness of Ireland at this stage of the 20th-century game.

Travel agents are, naturally, aware that the mere thought of something so different can scare a lot of vacillating voyagers. In consequence the posters urging a trip to this mysterious place next door are heavy with the note of reassurance. They remind the holidaymaker that the Irish speak English, use pounds, shillings and pence for money, and are friendly, friendly, friendly.

These statements are true, sure enough. But one can wonder whether a person needing so much soothing talk might not in the end decide to spend the holiday at home, polishing the car. There was a longish period of time during which it seemed that Ireland really did not need a Tourist Board or travel posters. History, in a conscience-stricken effort to make up for some of the things it had done to Ireland in the past, was going to take care of all that. Specifically, history would arrange that things would be sufficiently horrible for enough people elsewhere, to set them queueing for the Irish mailboats without the Irish themselves lifting so much as one beckoning finger.

And for a while History did do the job. It created British 'austerity', which in turn occasioned the influx to Ireland of steak-seekers – phagomaniacs. Whether phagomania is more reprehensible or disgusting than dipsomania – whether, indeed, compulsive eating is reprehensible or disgusting at all – is a matter susceptible only of individual judgment. But there, in the immediate post-war years, were the British phagomaniacs as the most prominent and profitable feature of the Irish scene. When I speak of steak-seekers, I mean it literally. It is a little difficult to credit now, but they really existed – some of them pretending to have come for scenic or cultural objectives, but most of them candidly avowing that they did not give a damn if all the fabled mountains were flattened and all the lovely lakes dried up, because what they wanted was a great thick, juicy steak and then another one, and then one to wrap up and smuggle home.

The Irish culinary art received a temporarily numbing blow. Places where the cooking had once been – and now is again – as good as anywhere in Europe, nearly forgot how to cook anything else. And other places saw no motive for self-improvement, since the tourists would eat any steak you gave them.

The period coincided, more or less, with what was known locally as the British retreat from Moscow. Very numerous, very nervous members of the British middle and upper classes, terrified by the first Labour government, looked at Ireland and saw there no signs of any imminently triumphant Labour Party. From this they drew the conclusion that the secret God had been keeping under his hat, and now disclosed to a favoured few, was that in Ireland the laws of social change had been mysteriously arrested. The good Lord had kept a green pasture for his cherished *rentiers*. And the toilers there were the archetypes of that shining dream figure, with finger to forelock, the Tory working man.

The refugees left a lot of money behind in Ireland before they awoke to the facts of Irish life and labour. The Irish were a little slow to realise

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that History had resigned the job as director of Irish Tourism, but, on grasping the fact, made up for lost time fast.

They had, right at the onset, a problem. For it is a fact that many (particularly the American) visitors to Ireland are apt to be what, using a generic term, one may call leprechaun-minded. They wanted Wee Folk and Colleens and Bhoyos Leading Pigs. But they also wanted fast modern travel and hot baths – the Lake Isle of Innisfree with good plumbing.

For a little while, seven or eight years ago, there seemed to be a more or less silent battle going on between those who, in a state of haughty inertia, claimed that old-world charm alone would keep the visitors happy, and those who demanded that Ireland, with special reference to its hotel-keepers, should bring themselves into line with the comfort-standards of average western man.

Except in a very few areas, the people who insisted that you can have all modern comforts and amenities without doing violence to natural beauties or the national character, have won total victory. And the change is not, in the main, one imposed from above by the Tourist Board, but brought about through the eager effort of local groups and associations, newly alert to the hardly tapped possibilities of Ireland as one of the world's great 'playgrounds'.

And although millionaires and film stars find themselves adequately catered for, eight guineas a week is the maximum a person actually needs to hire himself a comfortable room in a well-plumbed hotel, with three very square meals a day. As for what he wants to have at, more or less literally, the bottom of the garden, his choice is wide. The fishing was once the special preserve of well-to-do landowners who were, after all, not numerous, As a result, the Irish rivers and lakes are today almost virginal fishing grounds. And at, for instance, Westport, County Mayo, 30 shillings a day will provide a boat and a fisherman for deep-sea angling which, experts tell me, is now about the best in Europe.

You can still, if that is your fancy, drive along a bad road and end up in an hotel run by some feckless playboy of the western world. It may even be enjoyable. But you no longer have to do it in order to get into the heart of Irish beauties and Irish pleasures. For now there are good hotels and inns, some with chromium finish, others just comfortable, almost everywhere. And the roads are the jaded motorist's dream – first-class roads with an absence of traffic that at first strikes the visitor as almost eerie. And whichever one you choose, there is an ocean and a great uncluttered beach only a few hours away.

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Off the Map

I HAD never been stuck in London so long. I'd tried Putney Bridge, Hither Green, Earls Court and the backwater of the Fulham Road, but it was still London, they still shouted 'Time Gentlemen Please' and the buses still crawled down the Holloway Road in reluctant bunches of three, a sort of mechanised Holy Trinity. Then fog coiled round the corners of the streets and licked the window panes and you couldn't see the sky. I was coughing like an old dispersed lion. I needed a change, mountain air, wine festivals, an old train rattling through the foreign night.

One afternoon I was standing coughing in the Chaos Club waiting for something to turn up, a contract, a seduction or even a drink, when I was approached by a tall thin man with side whiskers and a limp. I vaguely remembered his face and he was well dressed enough, in a flashy sort of way, for at least a glass of Guinness or even two. 'Hullo,' he said, holding out his hand, 'you're Carson, aren't you?' 'That's right,' I said. 'My name's Spandle. Jock Spandle. You may remember me. We were both in the travel game a couple of years back. We met on the Montreux run. You haven't forgotten Gladys, have you?' 'No,' I said. 'We're married now,' said Spandle with a wink. 'Two kids.' 'Congratulations,' I said. 'You still in the courier game?' he asked. 'No,' I said, 'I'm writing.' 'Writing,' said Spandle, raising his eyebrows, 'that's a mug's game, isn't it? Why not do something with class? Come back to the racket, and I'll give you a job. Twenty smackers a week, expenses, commission knock-off, and all the gratuities.' 'It's an idea,' I said, already breathing the mountain air.

A week later I met Spandle at Blackbushe airport. I'd managed to borrow a suit and have a haircut, and Spandle gave a nod of congratulation. 'No one would guess you were a writer,' he said. He introduced me to 30 clients, and I soon found myself back in the travel world dialect. Then I took him aside. I felt rather worried. 'Where on earth are we going?' I asked. 'That's the whole point,' said Spandle with a laugh. 'It's a mystery trip.' 'Mystery,' I said. 'Certainly,' said Spandle, 'it's booked like that.' He took out a brochure and handed it to me. 'MYSTERY FORTNIGHT BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN. ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS ALL IN.' 'Good God,' I said, 'but what about my passport, visas?' 'Don't worry about that,' said Spandle, 'it's all arranged. Influence.' The propellers whirred and we zoomed into the sky. 'We'll be flying all night,' said Spandle, 'sweet dreams.'

The next morning, early, I woke up and peered through the window down at a range of hills and a small mountain. 'Is this Russia?' asked a stout lady in a hard pink hat. 'More like Rumania,' said a man behind her, 'I was there in '29. On government business. Remember the geography.' 'Hope we get *out* all right,' said rather a pretty girl nervously. 'Courier,' shouted a voice on my right, 'where are we?' 'I'm not allowed to divulge,' I said, 'official secrecy regulations. Fasten your safety belts.' The plane circled and landed on a strip of tarmac. We got out and I helped Spandle direct the passengers through the customs and police sheds. Then we drove off in a motor-coach to a large village, almost a small town, and arrived at a brand-new hotel with an illegible name. I allotted rooms to the clients, and then went down to the bar and had a drink with Spandle. 'What'll you have?' I said. 'Vodka,' said Spandle. 'There's only vodka or slivovic in the town.' We drank vodka, and a few local residents joined us, talking a melodious sort of language I couldn't place. One or two of them spoke English, and they politely welcomed us to their country.

At dinner, the perplexed clients ate highly spiced food and the local singers came in and serenaded us. 'It's Rumania all right,' said the man who had spoken to me in the aircraft, 'I remember the food and the dialect and you can distinctly trace the Latin blood. Look at that waiter, for instance.' 'More like the Crimea,' said an elderly gentleman opposite him. 'I think the food's horrible,' said the lady in the pink hat. 'Then you should stay at home,' said the elderly gentleman. 'Or try and broaden your mind,' said the other. After dinner, Spandle got up and made an announcement. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'I trust you have eaten well. You are free this evening, but kindly stay in the hotel as the authorities have lately imposed a curfew.' 'A curfew,' shouted a voice, 'do you mean they'll shoot?' 'Possibly,' said Spandle. 'It's disgraceful,' said the same voice. 'I could have been in Menton. We'll all end up as political prisoners.' 'I think it's rather fun,' said a woman with a nervous giggle. 'In the morning,' continued Spandle, 'there will be conducted visits to factories, sports arenas, and housing estates. In the evening there will be a concert followed by regional dancing. I would like to impress on you the importance of staying together in a group, as I cannot be responsible for anyone lost.'

The next morning we awoke to the sound of firing. At breakfast Spandle did his best to pacify the clients. 'A small local uprising,' he explained, 'and I have been informed that the authorities have dealt with it. The coach will be here at nine o'clock sharp.' When we reached the bicycle factory and handed the group over to a guide, Spandle and I went to have a drink. He left the bar for a moment and I got into conversation with a red-faced man in a cloth cap. 'You speak good English,' I told him. 'Thank you,' he said. 'Do you come from this village?' I asked. 'No. From the nearest town,' he said. 'You may think it an odd question,' I said, 'but could you tell me where I am?' 'Where you are?' cried the man in the cloth cap, 'Why, you're in Wales.' He looked at me with sharp curiosity and went off to drink by himself, eyeing me from time to time over the rim of his glass.

When Spandle came back I told him I knew everything. 'You had to find out sooner or later,' said Spandle. 'But what about the firing this morning?' 'A shooting range behind the hotel,' said Spandle. 'It's a pity about these odd visitors. I'm making arrangements to tighten up security. After all, the town's getting the money out of us. I'll see the Chief Constable this afternoon.'

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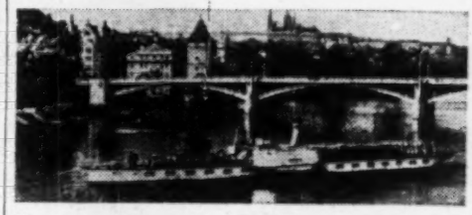

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When the fortnight was over, we flew back to London, and generally speaking the Mystery Tour clients were thoroughly satisfied. 'Better hotels and service than anywhere in England,' said the old gentleman who thought he had been in Rumania. He gave me a tip of £2. I had the telephone numbers of two of the girls.

A month later letters began to appear in the press. One was in the NEW STATESMAN and began: 'Sir,—After a visit to eastern Europe, in which I was free to go where I wished, and speak to whom I wished, I would like to express my impressions of the great reforms that have been carried out by the people. I visited a bicycle factory, a soda syphon assembly unit, and the headquarters of a thriving tinned milk industry. I found labour conditions, hygiene and welfare services better than any in this country. This was an independent visit, organised by a normal travel agency (Mystery Tours) which . . .'

But it was all over in two months. There was a headline in the *Sunday Pictorial*. 'Travel dupes pay to go behind the Iron Curtain, are flown to Wales.' This was accompanied by a photograph of Spandle in profile. 'THIS MAN IS A FILTHY CROOK,' said a subtitle, followed by a confession extorted by a special correspondent. Months later I met Spandle in a pub in Chelsea. He seemed very cheerful and better dressed than ever. 'I did pretty well out of it, all considered,' he said, offering me a Guinness. 'But who gave the game away?' I asked. 'It was by arrangement,' said Spandle with a grin, 'the Welsh Nationalists gave me a thousand pounds to publish the name of the town. You've got to move quick in this lark. You gone back to writing?' 'Yes,' I said. 'You won't make anything out of that,' said Spandle. 'Now I've got an idea . . .'

ANTHONY CARSON

Travel Broadens the Wallet

EVERY traveller from Mrs Bradpoll (of Cleethorpes), who books a balcony room at Interlaken, to Mr Finch (of Muswell Hill), who lugs a knapsack through the Vosges, has a publisher's contract in his wallet and a talk on Woman's Hour in the offing. It is just a question of getting down to the typewriter and pasting in the snaps. Even children could have a shot at it, since there is no need to be particularly literate; in fact the less literate the better; it helps people to identify themselves with the other fellow. To help the prospective travel-writer a number of guides have recently been issued (or reconstituted). Scandinavia (Nagel), Hungary (Nagel), Northern Spain (Blue Guide), North-Western France (Blue Guide). The book on Hungary precedes others on Czechoslovakia, Poland and Rumania—to all of which tourist travel is becoming much easier. The Hungarian material was 'checked by our editor in conditions both difficult and dangerous'. No spies on Nagel?

A new series of Panorama travel guides (Barmerlea Books, 18s. 6d.) which have excellent coloured photographs, includes *Copenhagen*, *The Holy Land*, *London*, *Salzburg* and *Provence*. These are very jolly, simple and make me think of long innocent days at the Union Jack Club, when life and travel and foreigners seemed much less complicated and in stronger primary colours than now. The best is *Provence*. The *London* commentary is a joy, a sort of Pre-Raphaelite lyricism possibly translated freely from Esperanto with the author expressing an almost maniacal hatred of rock-and-roll. All these four sell at 18s. 6d. Two other Photo-Books (Cassirer, 7s. 6d.) are *This is the Italian Riviera* and *This is Greece, the Mainland*. I think the latter is a small work of art, both commentary and photographs; it made me sharply aware of a country I have never visited. *Expedition Everyman* by S. B. Hough (Hodder 3s. 6d.) is a guide to the technique and expense of camping holidays, particularly directed towards those touring Europe with cars. Naturally a holiday can be spun out much longer by buying your own food in camp shops or markets and cooking it yourself, but this guide gives rather superficial and suburban-minded details about the French Riviera and North Italy.

Fodor have issued four guides on *Switzerland*, *Germany*, *Scandinavia* and *Belgium, Luxembourg* (Newman Neame Ltd. 18s. 6d.). Speaking of Lapland, the authors say, 'Do not patronise the Lapps. They have produced some university professors'. These are useful guides, an odd mixture of all kinds of information and rather sad journalese which tends to make all countries seem the same. *Norway Invites* by Monica Krippner (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is factual but oddly dull, and this reviewer declines as gracefully as possible. The same applies to *Bavarian Journey* by Garry Hogg (Robert Hale, 18s.). Mr Hogg has written 25 large travel books, cosy and nice and terribly boring, and we await, without impatience, one of the same genre on a trip to the Moon. *Spain* by W. B. Fisher and H. Bowen Jones (Christophers, 10s. 6d.) is a splendid book, top of the list, packed with important information. But why is it that the authors seem unaware that very few of Catalan youth are able to *write* their own language?

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Scotia's Darling Saint

EVERY Scot is a mixture of the Good Brother and the Prodigal Son; and on 25 January, when the birthday of Robert Burns comes round, it is undoubtedly the prodigal who is uppermost. On that day, or rather on that night, the memory of the poet is celebrated with patriotic fervour, and then buried for another year beneath a cairn of empty bottles and sentimental platitudes. The English, who have their Shakespeare, are much more moderate in their anniversary transports: an orderly procession at Stratford, a modest banquet, and a carefully prepared oration take care of Shakespeare for another year. No London magistrate would be likely to look with a compassionate eye on some reveller who sought to mitigate his offence by claiming that he had only been celebrating Shakespeare's birthday: it just couldn't be true.

How long the birthday of Burns has been a sort of Scottish saint's day it would be hard to say. The saturnalia were almost certainly well under way by 1880, when Matthew Arnold (Rugby and Balliol) undertook to examine the Burns legend and deflate the literary reputation of the poet. Arnold begins by dismissing Burns's English poetry as negligible, and he asserts, quite rightly, that the real Burns is to be found in his Scots poems. The English poetry is not, in fact, always so bad as Arnold makes it out to be: 'Flow gently, sweet Afton', for instance, is at least good Tom Moore. Yet it is true that the English verse can be bad enough, and sometimes deplorable. The line with which Burns opens his Address to Edinburgh, 'Edina, Scotia's darling seat', will probably make most modern readers think of a lavatory bowl; and some later curlicues, such as 'Learning with his eagle eyes' seeking 'Science in her coy abode', belong to the lower reaches of neo-classicism. How good, then, is the Scots poetry? Arnold is not prepared to say very much for it. 'Let us boldly say that of much of this poetry, a poetry dealing perpetually with Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, a Scotchman's estimate is apt to be personal.' The world of 'The Holy Fair' and 'Halloween' he finds 'a harsh, a sordid, a repulsive world'; and he takes it for granted that everyone will agree with him that it is always an advantage for a poet to deal with a beautiful world. In the end he decides that Burns has not that accent of 'high seriousness' which comes from 'perfect sincerity'.

Arnold is never quite right, and never quite wrong. Of course a Scot's estimate of Burns is personal; but so is Arnold's. His assumption that the poet should give us 'a beautiful world' is much more an expression of Victorian prejudice than Arnold could ever have been made to believe; we today are more likely to be prejudiced in favour of ugliness. As for his 'high seriousness', no one nowadays is going to take that very seriously; but to suggest that Burns is not sincere is surely going too far – as Arnold, who was something of a joker, probably meant it to.

The sincerity of Burns varies with the occasion. For all his lack of formal education, he can be pleasantly sophisticated:

> O saw ye bonnie Lesley
> As she gaed o'er the Border?
> She's gane, like Alexander,
> To spread her conquests farther!

This has the assured emotional restraint of the eighteenth century; but it is followed by something more direct and absolute than one normally associates with an eighteenth-century poet:

> To see her is to love her,
> And love but her for ever:
> For Nature made her what she is,
> And never made anither! . . .
>
> The Deil he could na scaith thee
> Or aught that wad belang thee:
> He'd look into thy bonnie face
> And say – 'I canna wrang thee!'

For amateurs of ambivalence this little poem would repay study. Burns is in control all the time, but the tone vibrates very effectively between detached observation and devotion, between intellect and sentiment. 'For me,' Burns once wrote, 'I rhyme for fun.' There is grotesque fun in 'Tam o' Shanter', and grim fun in 'Holy Willie's Prayer', and in the wider sense in which Burns is using the word we feel about almost everything he wrote that it must have been fun to write it. This quality of energy, of being so abundantly alive, is one of his claims to being a great poet.

But there is another quality in Burns which gives to his best poetry an enduring value. To his first readers he must have come like a shower of rain breaking a long drought. The new note in Burns is to be found in the last line of the following stanza:

> My minnie does constantly deave me
> And bids me beware o' young men:
> They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
> But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen!

Or again, in one of his earliest poems:

> Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
> And yon the toast of a' the town,
> I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
> 'Ye are na Mary Morison'.

Both of those passages (the second especially) have the direct, colloquial, unashamed expression of feeling that we find in Wordsworth's

> 'O mercy!' to myself I cried,
> 'If Lucy should be dead!'

With Burns such expression is partly the natural idiom of his class – the sort of thing that Wordsworth had to achieve by a conscious effort – and partly the consequence of a forthright and fearless utterance of his feelings that was native to the poet himself. Burns was capable on occasions of striking an attitude, and of lapsing into the genteel and the falsetto; but in his best work he says what he has to say with complete sincerity, and with an uninhibited frankness. We may have grown more accustomed to speaking out in the twentieth century, but when Burns came upon the literary scene his voice had the shock of the unfamiliar. 'In our day,' said Rousseau, writing some years before the poet was born,

> now that more subtle study and a more refined taste have reduced the art of pleasing to a system, there prevails in modern manners a servile and deceptive conformity; so that one would think every mind had been cast in the same mould. Politeness requires this thing; decorum that; ceremony has its forms, and fashion its laws, and these we must always follow, never the promptings of our own nature. We no longer dare seem what we really are, but lie under a perpetual restraint; in the meantime the herd of men, which we call society, all act under the same circumstances exactly alike, unless very particular and powerful motives prevent them

It was with this restraint and conformity and conventional behaviour that Burns was at war, in his life and in his poetry; he has the reckless magnanimity and the startling normality of the natural man.

When the fastidious Arnold complained about Burns's world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, he might, if he had been perfectly honest, have added a fourth charge: his Scotch language. To Arnold, for whom, it will be remembered, there was something wrong with a civilisation that could produce such hideous surnames as Wragg, Higginbottom, Stiggins, and Bugg, the harsh, guttural, homely, un-Hellenic sound of words like 'spleuchan' and 'flichterin' and 'cranreuch' must have been very painful. And, of course, not infrequently meaningless. It is always saddening for a Scotsman to find his English friends preferring Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*, with its ersatz dialogue, to such novels as *The Antiquary* or *Old Mortality*, with their racy and idiomatic Scots talk; but it is no use ignoring the fact that for the Englishman, and no doubt for an increasing number of Scotsmen, the language of Burns and Scott presents real difficulties. With Burns the Scots words tend to come thickest in the local satires and the familiar epistles, and to be scattered comparatively lightly in the songs, and in 'Tam o' Shanter' and 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'. For those who need help, as nearly all of us do at some point, there is a bicentenary reprint of William Wallace's edition of the *Poetical Works**, in which the glosses are very sensibly and unobtrusively given in the margin. The Collins volume† (Alloway bicentenary edition) whose text is principally based on that of the Henley and Henderson centenary edition, has its glossary at the end.

For those who need another kind of help there is Mr Maurice Lindsay's *The Burns Encyclopædia*††, generously illustrated, where much miscellaneous information about people and places connected with Burns is succinctly presented. Mr Lindsay has clearly put a great deal of honest work into this book, but it would

* *The Poetical Works of Robert Burns.* Edited by WILLIAM WALLACE. *Bicentenary edition. W. & R. Chambers.* 15s.

† *The Poems of Robert Burns and Selected Letters.* Edited by ANTHONY HEPBURN; introduction by DAVID DAICHES. *Collins.* 21s.

†† *The Burns Encyclopædia.* By MAURICE LINDSAY. *Hutchinson.* 25s.

be more useful if he had been more concerned with what constitutes relevant information. It seems odd to give over half a column to James Halliday, 'the man who made Burns's drain at Ellisland', and to have no entry at all for 'The Holy Fair', a poem which is barely intelligible to the modern reader without some background explanation. What Burns himself would have thought of this sort of biographical mausoleum we cannot tell; but, recalling some lines he once wrote on James Thomson, we may perhaps guess:

> Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade!
> And smile with spurning scorn,
> When they who would hae starved thy life
> Thy senseless turf adorn?

Meanwhile, nothing is more certain than that the annual commemoration of Burns will persist, and that when the third centenary comes round the tributes will still be appearing – in phonetic spelling, no doubt, or some modification of the Shavian system. Now that he is dead Burns is safe, respectable, innocuous.

> Bald heads forgetful of their sins,
> Old, learned, respectable bald heads—

professors, doctors, lawyers, business men, Lord Provosts and baillies, even clergymen – can all quote and commend the lines he 'rhymed out in love's despair', can drink to his memory and drop the sentimental tear.

> All think what other people think;
> All know the man their neighbour knows.
> Lord, what would they say
> Did their Catullus walk that way?

JAMES SUTHERLAND

Arab Nationalism

Revolution in Iraq. By CARACTACUS. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

This is another 'Let's come to terms with the Arabs' book, and not a very good one. The author is well-meaning, and he has grasped the central point of Middle East politics; but in other respects he is extraordinarily naive, and his acquaintance with the actual mechanics of politics or administration is clearly limited. He is, I should guess, an English school teacher working in Baghdad. This has, no doubt, brought him a wide circle of friends among the Arab middle-class intelligentsia – the creators, if not the beneficiaries, of Arab nationalism – and he faithfully reproduces the attitudes and the arguments of the cafés and the political clubs. Hence, British policy in the Middle East was, throughout and everywhere, a combination of folly and cupidity; our feudal stooges were uniformly cruel and corrupt; revolution was thus inevitable and will confer universal blessings. We should therefore welcome it and fall on the necks of our conquerors.

But this is not, of course, the whole story. It is untrue, for instance, that the British in Iraq failed to notice the storm gathering around them. When I visited the country, a year before the revolution, the oil company, for instance, was frantically stepping up its training programmes for Iraqi technicians and executives, extending its housing schemes, introducing local purchase, at vast cost, instead of importing materials in bulk from abroad. The Embassy was well aware of the frailties of Nuri es-Said's regime, and was endeavouring to persuade him to free the press and political parties and to hold genuine elections. Among many British officials, there was a sense of impending disaster; but there was very little they could do about it – particularly since the British government clung obstinately to the Baghdad Pact strategy, and its unworkable scheme to make Iraq the keystone of an anti-Nasser alliance. Our position, in the Persian Gulf as well as in Iraq, was fundamentally untenable: for we had to assume ultimate responsibility for the actions of regimes over which our direct control was negligible and our influence limited.

In so far as British influence was effective, it was usually beneficial. Bahrein, where the ruling family is amenable to British advice, has become in some ways a model welfare state and has spent its limited oil revenues wisely. Iraq, where the government used to take our advice on financial policy, if on little else, has spent a greater proportion – 70 per cent. – of its oil royalties on investment than any other oil-bearing country in the world. Caractacus may be interested in the following figures, recently published by the UN. In Egypt, since Nasser took control, national income rose from £E873 million to £E1,065 million (1956); gross investment *fell* from £E116 million to £E110 million. During the corresponding period in Iraq, national income rose from 217 million to 303 million dinars; gross investment tripled.

I make this point not because I have any fundamental quarrel with Caractacus's thesis, but because it is too two-dimensional: it ignores the relationship between the nationalist revolution and the Arab proletariat. In Egypt and in Iraq, the rising bourgeoisie overthrew the feudal ruling class, using, to some extent, the urban proletariat as its instrument. But so far, neither workers nor peasants have derived any benefit from the collapse of the old regimes (land reforms on the Egyptian model tend to create a rural middle class or, as in Syria, monopolistic rural investment corporations), and the decline in investment which seems to follow Middle Eastern revolutions suggests that their position will tend to deteriorate. Today, at the risk of appearing a heretic, I would like to challenge the proposition that Arab nationalism is the best barrier to Communism; for purely economic reasons, it may hasten its triumph.

PAUL JOHNSON

Early Pasternak

Noonday, I. Ed. CECIL HEMLEY. *Peter Owen.* 21*s.*

The first issue of this book-magazine from America must not be missed. It contains the first English translation of a story by Boris Pasternak. Anything which enables us to see the seldom printed earlier prose of the greatest living Soviet writer and which gives a perspective to *Dr Zhivago* is valuable. For Pasternak is a continuously autobiographical writer – not a novelist – always rewriting, repeating and re-seeing fragments of his life, consciously enhancing the great repressed subject of Soviet literature: the private self. He brings to it the devastating power of poetry. The present story, *The Last Summer*, had earlier versions published in 1922; the present one was published in 1934. It puts down, in ingenious arrangement, certain recollections of the summer of 1914: 'that last summer when life still appeared to pay heed to individuals, and when it was easier and more natural to love than to hate'.

The opinionators in Moscow who have been stupid enough to treat Pasternak very much as their predecessors treated Turgenev, have insulted their most eminent artist. *The last Summer* belongs to the Russian humane tradition which, even at their best, they have reduced to a dull and sanctimonious philanthropy. Pasternak stands head and shoulders over them because he is original and revolutionary. The key to him is his prose. Those of us who do not read Russian can speak only tentatively; but something of it came through in the hurried translation of *Dr Zhivago;* and a good deal more in George Reavey's version of this story. Mr Reavey is a poet and a Russian scholar. Do not artistic revolutions always precede the social and political? Pasternak's idiom was forged before 1917; it grew out of the work of the Symbolist and Imagist poets; it puts poetic images and popular speech side by side. In *The Last Summer* one sees that Pasternak is one of the few writers in prose to create a language close to the voice of our aural, visual and scientific culture, where other writers who are proud of their progressive and future-hungry opinions are still writing in earlier and now debased literary conventions. One would have thought that Soviet critics would have spotted that Pasternak is not an eccentric nor a now out-of-date *avant gardiste.* His convention of individualism is not this; indeed, in very many ways, it is in harmony with the Soviet regard for the collective life. His prose is an unassertive, inquiring, glancing way of writing which seeks images and words that will express the intimate, back-of-the-mind associations of the common experience. The esoteric image is made to play its part in conveying the traditional Russian response to what is naturally, sincerely, naively and utterly open to everyone to feel and know. In the West, the esoteric has usually been intellectually isolated. Here are two passages. One is simple. It describes a couple, on the point of love, going home:

> They differed sharply from the rest of the strollers. Of all the couples crowding the wood, this particular couple reacted with most anxiety to the fall of night and tried to escape from it as if night were on their heels. When they glanced back they seemed to measure the speed of its pursuit. In front of them in all the paths they trod, there sprang up, like a solid forest, something in the nature of the presence of an elder. . . . At times Anna grew lighter and more transparent than a tulip petal, while Serezha experienced a chest-heat like that of a lamp glass.

The other comes at the end of an extraordinary description of a pianist 'stating' his music:

> And what is so extraordinary, every time anyone attempted to doubt the honesty of the statement, the player splashed the doubter with some unexpected miracle of sound. It is the miracle of his own voice, that is the miracle of their tomorrow's way of remembering and feeling. The force of this miracle is such that, joking, it can cleave the basin of the piano and, at the same instant, crush the bones of the trading class and the Vienna chairs; and this miracle scatters fast silver speech and sounds all the quieter, the more frequently and rapidly it returns.

The Last Summer describes a young man coming home tired out on leave in 1916 and trying to sleep off his journey at his sister's house. Life is normal there but the sleepless man's mind slips off into 'the series' of memory. He remembers the sultry summer of 1914, his job as a tutor in a rich family, his awkward attempt to fall in love with a bossy Danish governess; his nights with a prostitute; his idealistic desires, such as making millions to give to a woman so that she could distribute it to all the women in the world. A crisis arrives; he writes a story which picks up what he has been day-dreaming about and recollecting and we see a characteristic theme

of Pasternak's – for which, as poet, he is called 'a poet's poet' – the flashing back and forth of life turning into art. The whole work is less a story, though it is poetic, comic, dramatic and full of movement, than a concerto in prose. We catch from it a peculiarly modern interest – the pressure of experience upon the senses and the mind; and a modern obsession – to be alight in every nerve and to lose nothing.

Among the other essays and stories in this book are pieces by Karl Jaspers and Nathalie Sarraute. The latter deals with the modern novel and, without discussing Pasternak, throws an oblique light on his kind of narrative.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Advanced Level

A Grammar of Metaphor. By CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE. *Secker & Warburg.* 42*s.*

For the past several years, now that New Criticism is Old Hat, quite the snappiest fashion in American literary scholarship has been the Trivial. Each new addition to the canon of great writers means a re-adjustment among the reputations already canonical. And once Mallarmé and Joyce were canonised, writers who invited consideration in terms of the Trivium, the whole of that forgotten structure of learning was exhumed and is now being put forward as essential to the understanding of every important writer up to Pope. It was Rhetoric, the second division of the Trivium, that we heard about first; the really seminal work seems to be some fugitive essays and an unpublished dissertation by H. M. McLuhan, but the unignorable and massive challenge came in 1947 with Rosemond Tuve's *Elizabethan and Metaphysical Imagery*. Grammar, the first and reputedly basic discipline, was not rehabilitated so promptly, yet had to wait only for Professor Josephine Miles. Christine Brooke-Rose is the first British champion to throw her hat into this heavyweight ring. And she isn't fighting out of her class – not at all.

Her splendidly presumptuous contention is that all existing accounts of metaphor, from Aristotle down, suffer from being philosophical and therefore concerned with 'idea-content', whereas, since it is a linguistic phenomenon, it should be examined in linguistic terms, and broken down into categories accordingly as it uses this or that grammatical pattern or turn of speech. One of the more dubious advantages of bringing Lit-Crit. back to these ancient brass tacks is that it appears to permit of a statistical method. The tacks can be counted, words or syntactical forms can be tabulated according to their frequency in (aha!) *representative* excerpts from say a dozen poets. And this (though she spares us her tables) is Miss Brooke-Rose's method. The reader she addresses is the critical reader of English poetry of any period, but he will have to be an exceptionally devoted enthusiast if he is to get to the end of what is a very dry and exacting book. And yet he will miss something if he doesn't. For among the many pages of laborious analysis and superfine distinctions, and of categories at once obvious and niggling, which seem to have no bearing on literary judgment or understanding, there are other categories established of which the literary significance grows more profound the more one ponders them. For instance it is remarkable how the whole vexed question of the relationship between Blake, the symbolists, and a post-symbolist like Yeats, becomes manageable in terms of the first of the categories, Simple Replacement. Or again it is good to find

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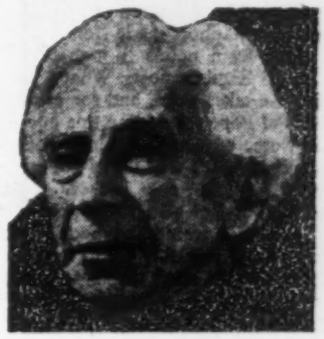

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the categories, and the statistical counts which go with them, confirming what the unaided sensibility had already registered as true, that in Pope the ratio of metaphors made from verbs to metaphors made from nouns is higher than in any other great English poet. What's more, Miss Brooke-Rose takes sides, and for example thinks the better of Pope for finding this out about him, and the worse of Blake for finding out what she does about *him*. It's true that I am still not clear by what criteria she makes these value-judgments, but I'm glad she makes them. Altogether, this is a forbidding book, and for that reason we shall probably try to ignore it; but as literary critics we shall do so at our peril.

DONALD DAVIE

New Novels

Women and Thomas Harrow. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Collins.* 16*s.*

No Remittance. By DAN DAVIN. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Let Me See Your Face. By JACK BEECHING. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Fable and the Flesh. By MICHAEL LEWIS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16*s.*

A Tigress in Prothero. By FRANK SWINNERTON. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

When I was reading *Women and Thomas Harrow* my unconscious mind played me an odd trick. I found running through my head the jingle about 'Jog on, jog on the footpath way, and merrily hent the stile-a'. As I began to wonder why any such thing should arbitrarily present itself, light dawned: and I saw what, for me, had been so worrying about Mr Marquand's work even at its best. He jogs on the footpath with absolute steadiness of intention and evenness of pace; but he has never hent a stile in his life. He comes up to it, then ducks, and slides through a gap in the hedge. He is a writer of plain truths, subtle enough to succeed as something more than a sophisticated naturalist, but without enough feeling for the poetry of situation to make his work seem quite like art.

This novel is about a successful playwright just beginning to feel himself on the skids. He has been three times married, each time to a woman remarkable in her own way. The story of these marriages is told by means of flashbacks (a horrible device, really, whoever uses it and with whatever skill – and that goes for Emily Brontë). As we learn about them, we come to realise that what has gone wrong with them is the same thing that is wrong with Thomas's plays. He carries the wrecking fault in himself, emotionally and artistically: a kind of spiritual slickness, a kind of *hubris* springing not from inner conviction, but from faltering desire – the desire for confidence rather than the actuality.

It is an interesting book, up to a point – in fact, up to point after point after point; and after each build-up, the expected climax is somehow evaded. This trick of evasion is, I think, something to do with a mistaken concept of naturalism, with the belief that Real Life doesn't really have big scenes; but the effect of it is, oddly enough, always a little false. We cannot complain that Thomas Harrow, H. M. Pulham, George Apley, etc., are sticks, since they are lovingly studied down to the last collar-stud. Yet they are all restricted by their creator. He will never quite let them go their own ways. He is there, curbing, manipulating. Emily, the third wife, is probably the best of all Mr Marquand's female portraits, and it is a wrench to be dragged away from her stimulating presence and thrust back into a fading past, so full of potential crises that never quite come to anything.

The sheer practical detail of this book is fascinating, and the horrors of a First Night scene from the playwright's point of view must ring hideously true to anyone who has been through it.

Mr Dan Davin, in *No Remittance*, has experimented in the histrionic method of Joyce Cary. His hero-narrator, Kane, an Englishman, good-looking, amiable, a bit of an ass, a bit of a crook, takes flight to New Zealand 'from things we never mention, from art misunderstood'. Unlike Kipling's broken men, however, he has no particular excellent intention; he hardly knows what he wants out of life, except an easyish time and a girl to love. He finds the most unsuitable of girls, simple, devout Norah, daughter of Irish small farmers. Kane is a Protestant, if he is anything at all: the O'Connors are Catholics. And apart from that he isn't their kind at all. But he and Norah marry, have children, and live on twopence until the Depression comes: and as for Kane, he remarks in his Jimson-like way: 'So I was soon in the boozing way again.' Nothing much happens except in the way of ordinary living. The children grow up and go away; Norah dies; Kane is left alone, fingering out his past like a tune on a broken piano.

It ought to be dull; and, indeed, Mr Davin's limitation of dialogue to a minimum gives the pages a minatory appearance. Yet it is all fresh enough, unaffected enough, to engage the attention. Absolute earnestness, absolute involvement, is a literary virtue in itself, and it is the life-giving element of this unusual book.

Let Me See Your Face is a curious little novel of ideas. The theme in itself is odd: the managing director of IAS, a large advertising concern, informs his staff that they must prepare material for a War Office recruiting campaign. This involves, for Jimmy James and Cyril Monk, crises of conscience: which lead to related crises in their domestic lives. Jimmy's bossy political wife, his mistress Jessie, Cyril's pathetic Agnes, ready to submit to any humiliation for the sake of her husband's career, all suffer in their different ways; and no more good seems likely to come out of it all than out of little Wilhelmine's Blenheim. This short book is neither stylish nor particularly credible; yet here and there scenes flash up of such suddenness, such originality, that one has to turn back and look at them again. It seems to me that Mr Beeching's real talent is for plumbing the true oddities of personal relationships; the moment his book gets slightly out of hand, the better it becomes. Wives *v.* mistresses, pacifist consciences, etc., are all very well; but the little picture of Agnes Monk meekly letting the wife of her husband's superior hack her hair off at the firm party is so arrestingly out of key that one knows the real key of the novel should be Agnes's, and that everyone else is really singing flat.

The Fable and the Flesh is a long, energetic first novel about a lofty young bookseller and his love affair with a young woman who has got herself into an emotional state as complicated as his own. They are a stern pair, both given to an appalling intellectual conceit: Mr Lewis is always allowing them to flick French phrases at each other. *'Ça vous amuse?'* says Denis. *'C'est un peu mélodramatique,'* says Charlotte. Denis even drops into Provencal at one point, though he admits he doesn't really know any. Around this tiresome pair, an awful, gorgeous world revolves, the intellectual society of London, as the writer sees it. Everyone in it knows French, too, spraying it all over the place in little globules, like dogs coming out of the water.

Now Mr Lewis is in earnest, he wants to write, he is not without talent. But what he is doing is all wrong. He is not thinking deeply about people at all. He is not studying what they are really like. He is simply turning them into vehicles for his own ideas, for his own dissatisfactions, or for those dissatisfactions he sees as part and parcel of the intellectual life. He has got to shake himself free from French snippets, free from corny *Weltschmerz*, free from all his preconceptions of what people ought to be like, and start again. It may well be a very good new start, too.

Mr Frank Swinnerton's heroine is an intensely good woman, saddled with a jealous, grudging and slightly dotty husband, and with a family of almost grown-up children. It is a measure of Mr Swinnerton's success that Mary Grace, though one does find her a bit of a prig, makes priggishness seem rather pleasant. She fights for her cubs with vigour, yet never stops purring, holding the various threads of the book together with feline delicacy, her paw stretched out across the pages. *A Tigress in Prothero* is slow in pace, but never a bore; the composition of the characters, grouped so naturally around the central figure, makes sure of that. Wherever the eye wanders there is something, even in the most shadowy of corners, to interest it. The writer makes no use of modern techniques, either of pace, or of the relationship between commentary – narrative – scene: but he tells his multiaxial story in his own way, and the way has worn well.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

F. J. Harvey Darton's classic (originally published in 1932), *Children's Books in England*, has now been issued in a second edition, with an introduction and some new material by Kathleen Lines (Cambridge, 35s.).

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Father of the People

George Washington. By MARCUS CUNLIFFE. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Our Presidents. By JAMES MORGAN. *Macmillan.* 35*s.*

The Washington Monument, as Mr Cunliffe points out, is a huge, single piece of stone from which the biographer can carve out any shape he pleases: George Washington, the Father of his People, or the Disinterested Patriot, or the Revolutionary Leader, or even – as the Jeffersonian Democrats saw him in their more bitter moments – the Man who might have been King. Because there is no mystery about his well-documented life, and because each of its stages reflects a crucial moment in the American discovery of nationhood, he is a model subject for biography. Yet, Mr Cunliffe remarks, when the work is done the portrait is strangely opaque. Whichever of his many roles – ingeniously rehearsed in this short sketch – is chosen as a central theme, Washington as a man is disguised as Washington the actor in a historical drama.

This may be a technical problem for the biographer: it does not greatly bother me. In fact, the fascination of Washington lies in this very complexity. Circumstance and personal character induced him to give impromptu performances in a number of parts which have recurred in each act of American history, and those who have come after him have modelled themselves on, and been judged by, the standards he set. He, and not the men who drafted the constitution, made the presidency what it is; the men in the White House have to be part monarch, part prime minister, party leader, father-figure and, when need arises, amateur commander-in-chief. They have to be partisans, and yet above politics, men who desire power yet are willing to relinquish it.

This is the main, and for English readers, most useful impact of Mr Cunliffe's biography. He sums up, rather in the manner of Earl Attlee looking at one of his contemporaries. Washington? 'A good man, not a saint; a competent soldier, not a great one; an honest administrator, not a statesman of genius; a prudent conserver, not a brilliant reformer. But in sum an exceptional figure.' This is fair enough. It sounds rather like Bagehot's verdict that a good prime minister is an uncommon man of common opinions. But in compressing so much into a short book, and in playing down the adulatory tradition which gives Washington much more than his due as the indispensable architect of the United States, Mr Cunliffe makes it seem that Washington stumbled on greatness. He lays much stress on Washington's personal hopes and problems, on his desire for retirement to private life, too little on the social motives which drove him on and guided his decisions. He was, after all, the effective leader of one of the great revolutionary movements of history – the first in which democracy and nationalism were married – and all the other roles he had to play stemmed from that fact. In a different setting, the squires and merchants of the American colonies were re-enacting roles forced upon their forebears in England a little over a century earlier. They were fortunate in throwing up a leader who fitted their needs so well, but it was their needs, at which Mr Cunliffe merely nods, that shaped Washington's career.

Those who care to try to unpick the knots which tie the hero to history will be stimulated by Mr Cunliffe's book. Neither they, nor anyone else, need waste time with the pedestrian biographies compiled – presumably to be given away as school prizes in the lower forms – by the late James Morgan. At a little over twopence a page this is an expensive way of buying paper.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Dancers and Music

The Three Graces. By SERGE LIFAR. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

The Decca Book of Ballet. Edited by DAVID DREW. *Muller.* 63*s.*

Many ballet authors now preface their books by explaining that there is already too large a quantity of bad quality ballet literature being produced. This criticism somehow exonerates them in their own minds from all complicity in the abuse, and they happily go ahead and add to the drivel. The two books I have to review here are superior to such specimens, for there is great intelligence dotted about in both; but, in my opinion, neither adds much to what we already know. *The Three Graces* concerns the lives of Karsavina, Pavlova and Spessivtzeva, the three greatest Russian ballerinas who worked for Diaghilev. Serge Lifar is a knowledgeable and facile ballet historian, and whenever he describes any technical detail, or explains the more subtle qualities of an individual dancer, he succeeds excellently. It is the 'quasi-polemical digressions' that get a bit dull, a bit over-padded with quotation.

In the case of Karsavina his history is superfluous, since she herself has written the best ballet autobiography. Only at the end, describing her harmonious *port de bras*, the singing quality of

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HAMISH HAMILTON

her *arabesques* and *développés*, her logical *pirouettes* – 'there was a slowness about them; they made one conscious of that faint hint of Russian indolence' – does Lifar add to our knowledge. In Pavlova's case he is very taken up with debunking her husband, Victor Dandré. 'I have no wish to dwell on his frantic and purely commercial exploitation of the artistic capital represented by her numberless journeys up and down the world.' He dwells on M. Dandré amusingly, and also on Pavlova, who appears as a somewhat stupid female. After listening to the score of *Firebird* she declared 'I do not wish to dance to such rubbish!' She was known for her lack of musical understanding and Lifar explains, 'I could not help feeling she regarded the music as an impediment to her dancing'. There was also her lack of artistic discrimination, and her imperfect technique. All these things Lifar matches against her peerless expression of movement and her acting; and we are given to understand that the dancing won against such handicaps every time.

Of Spessivtzeva, whom both Diaghilev and the famous teacher, Cecchetti, found equal to, if not better than Pavlova, Lifar writes less coherently. Since she was the youngest Grace, he knew her the most intimately and partnered her over many years. But emotion at her miserable end – she went mad and now lives in an American lunatic asylum – has cloyed his powers of expression, and although he tries to analyse her peculiar qualities as a ballerina, little is conveyed.

To describe music in words is uphill work. The translation is only possible for a writer who is also a musician, since sound is on such a different plane to sense. Poetry is the closest link, but it would be asking a great deal for our music critics to burst into lyrical verse when explaining a musical mood. In *The Decca Book of Ballet* an attempt has been made to elucidate the music written for ballet, dating from Diaghilev's inauguration of the *Ballets Russes* in 1910. There are also a few classical composers, such as Tchaikowsky and Delibes, thrown in to cover the past. The book is fat – almost 100 composers and 45 commentators. The editor, David Drew, writes one of the best pieces on Stravinsky's marvellously sensitive and stimulating scores, while others only give a visual picture of the plots and choreographic arrangements. Thus the book is uneven in texture: it is a wambling sort of dictionary, which the buyers of Decca ballet records can use, so that they will know why the music goes bang bang, without necessitating a visit to the theatre. In contrast I have just received a dictionary from Paris, *Dictionaire du Ballet Moderne*, which gives a great deal of information with a nice mixture of prejudice and precision. Its finely coloured reproductions and dramatic photographs make the Decca photos look anæmic and out of context. The difference between the French and English works, merely as examples of book production, is a shaming comparison.

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Collins

Tribune's Majority

Tribune 21. Edited by ELIZABETH THOMAS. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s*.

Tribune has begun its twenty-third year of publication, and this book is an anthology of the period before its majority. It is a very useful book, but it could have been made even more useful by including a brief history and analysis of the paper, of the factual kind that can only be written by those directly concerned. For, while *Tribune*'s political record has been consistent, as the paper of the militant Labour Left, its style has varied considerably, as the anthology shows. It would be surprising to find Robert Graves's analysis of *Lycidas*, or Edith Sitwell's notes on poetry, in *Tribune* as we now know it, and the changes of emphasis have a general significance, as a short history of contemporary radicalism.

The best periods are the first and the last. The articles from 1937 to 1939, by Mellor, Cripps, Bevan, Nehru, and Laski, are, of course, agitational journalism, but have a strength and dignity which match the height of the cause. They fall back at times on political jargon, but their emphasis, always, is on the issues. The selection from the war years – perhaps unrepresentative – is disappointing. Orwell, Laski, Forster and Bevan are straight and clear, but Shaw at his trivialising worst, Wells at his coarsest, throw a blight which has evidently spread. After 1945, the strength is represented by Orwell and Jennie Lee, the weakness by the appearance of the first of those world-weary radical comics, who have recently passed as our brightest and most independent journalists. Then, with the Bevan resignation, there is a recovery of energy, and a change of style. This is the *Tribune* that has caused all the fuss, and the necessary analysis is in fact complex. The liveliness that matters is the actual, vigorous dissent, well represented by Bevan and Michael Foot. This has to be distinguished from what at first glance resembles it: the cult of lively insinuation, which of course is from Beaverbrook. Political attack, based on facts and principles, is a different quantity from the huff-journalism (commonplace now in the capitalist press) which, under the banners of crusade, and with much congratulation on the intrepidity of the crusader, is in fact the medium of random personal aggression and display. I have found both in *Tribune*, and it does a very fine paper no service to pretend otherwise.

The answer to the charge of rudeness and irresponsibility, so often preferred against *Tribune*, lies in this critical distinction. Michael Foot calls his own witness, Cobbett, and the choice is excellent. For Cobbett, at his best and worst, shows us the crucial difference between sustained propaganda in a context of detailed reporting and the futilities of the political gang-war. The strength of *Tribune*, in recent years, has been its firm attachment to the life of the British working class, and I was sorry to miss, from this anthology, such reporting as that of Mervyn Jones on the Welsh pit village threatened by closure, which is worth twenty manifestos, but which equally can sustain twenty manifestos, and inform them with life. Here, in this function, is a great radical newspaper, and we should buy this book not only to celebrate *Tribune*'s vigorous survival, but also to study, as it richly enables us, the vital and difficult problems of all political writing. Only one kind of writing is virtually absent, particularly since 1939: the clear exposition and steady examination of basic socialist theory. This absence has been the weakness of the post-war Labour Left, and such writing is significantly the emphasis of a new Left generation, which has recently begun to emerge. When *Tribune* celebrates its jubilee, perhaps we shall have another kind of majority.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Old Travellers

Explorers' Maps. By R. A. SKELTON. *Routledge.* 63*s*.

Anyone who has had the strength of mind to leave the magnificent collection of old maps at the North Entrance to the British Museum, and the sense of direction to discover the Map Room, will know the treasures over which Mr Skelton presides. He once revealed some of them to readers of *The Geographical Magazine*. *Explorers' Maps* puts them in a permanent form, and the author has added many illustrations as well as several chapters of simply written but scholarly notes about the cartographic record of geographical discovery. This expensively produced book shows how much the imaginative skill of pre-scientific days has been lost in the precision of modern maps.

The history of exploration was, for centuries, the story of adventurous men from the Western peninsulas of Eurasia who set out to discover the riches of Cathay. Long, long before Marco Polo was born, Chinese and Arab travellers footslogged over the great plains of Central Asia, and Greek geographers knew that the overland route from China to Persia made a very short cut. They needed no maps to guide them. But the long line of pirates and traders who sailed from the Mediterranean, following the trail so miraculously blazed by Marco Polo, needed to know the monsoons and where there was land to develop and goods to exchange. For centuries map-makers incorporated his geography of Asia. Marco Polo, at the end of the thirteenth century, 'created Asia for the European mind'.

Explorers' Maps reproduces many fascinating medieval illustrations of Asia, where the traders saw lands rich in spices and gold and the Christian cosmographers imagined 'a harvest of souls ripe for conversion; in the remotest east was placed the Earthly Paradise'. The search for a sea-route to Cathay was the motive which inspired the discovery of America and the Pacific Ocean, the North-West Passage and the North-East Passage. Although some of the most beautiful reproduc-

tions are those sixteenth-century maps of the North Polar regions from the charts of Willem Barents, and the Ortelius maps of the Pacific of about the same period, it was Captain Cook who revolutionised map-making by his scientific methods. Mr Skelton gives a chapter, 'James Cook and the Mapping of the Pacific', to this remarkable, if indiscreet explorer, and reproduces his charting of Tahiti, New South Wales and New Zealand.

Until the eighteenth century, at which point *Explorer's Maps* concludes, map-making was imprecise and elephants and spouting whales were happily introduced to fill in a picture. Today, precision instruments substitute exact data for imagination and myth. Mr Skelton, Superintendent of the Map Room, British Museum, and Hon. Secretary of the Hakluyt Society, has collected for explorers, armchair and jet, in space and in time, more than 200 illustrations, mainly old maps, which are tremendously valuable 'as documents in the history of human thought and enterprise'.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

One-Man IGY

Earth's Envelope. By THEO LOBSACK. *Collins.* 21*s.*

In the excitement of throwing ironmongery into space in the shape of sputniks, moon-rockets and sun-satellites, we have almost forgotten the programme of which they were supposed to be an incidental part – the International Geophysical Year. We might remind ourselves that its purpose was to discover more about the planet on which we have to contrive to live and about the nature of its envelope and the forces which dictate our existence. The results of that great co-operative enterprise by the scientists of 52 nations will not be finally resolved for many years but Theo Lobsack has produced a kind of one-man IGY. *Earth's Envelope* covers with elemental simplicity a fascinating range of phenomena. Many of the queries which he raises will be answered by the findings of the IGY and many 'facts' which he accepts may be disproved. Since anyone writing an intelligently popular book, as this is, cannot hedge it with the 'on the other hands' and 'ifs' and 'buts' of scientific caution, he has had to plump for one theory as against another. The reader for whom it is intended will be none the worse for that and the protagonists can be left to argue amongst themselves.

For instance, he says categorically,

> The most modern way of 'dating' geological formations by radioactivity shows the earth to be four or five thousand million years old. The investigation of light from distant nebulae shows that the universe is expanding rapidly. If one calculates backwards from the rate of this expansion (like running a film backwards through a cinema projector) one reaches a point at which the universe must have been created by the explosion of an extraordinarily dense clump of matter. This primeval explosion also took place about four or five thousand million years ago. Our planet was probably created at the same time and has been going its own way ever since.

No room for 'Continuous Creation' or philosophic doubts! Similarly he cuts a lot of corners when he starts his discussion of the evolution of life from the results of Stanley Miller's experiments in 1953. Miller succeeded in producing a blend of gases resembling primordial atmosphere and reproducing primeval lightning in the form of an electric spark recovered chemical compounds in the form of some amino-acids. Researches into DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) can offer different explanations.

Any reservations, however, are swept aside in the swift-moving current of this book which can make our conversations about the weather more intelligent; which gives a lucid description and explanation of the aurora, the mirages, the clouds, the rainbow; raises such vital concerns as the effects of the carbonising of the atmosphere by our industrial chimneys, with effects on our climate; and responsibly discusses the pervasion and perversion of our life-sustaining envelope by radioactive dusts. It is a book packed full of information with the merit of simple (but not condescending) explanation.

RITCHIE CALDER

Week-end Competition

No. 1,509 **Set by Little Nell**

My grandmother on one memorable occasion remarked: 'I can't remember whether Alice's daughter has died or had twins: so I must write a letter which will do for either'. And so, to the delight of her grandchildren, she successfully did. The usual prizes are offered for a similarly Delphic missive covering with equal cogency any pair of totally disparate events in the life of a personal friend or public acquaintance. Limit, 150 words; entries by 3 February.

Result of No. 1,506. Set by Marmaduke Dench

TV quiz programmes are said to be on the way out on both sides of the Atlantic. For the usual prizes and for the benefit of posterity competitors are invited to record this phase in cultural history in an epigram of not more than four lines.

Report

Entries largely fell into two classes: the autobiographical:

> Six millions watch, Trembling I speak!
> – An interlude while Sunbeam bread
> And Smoothskin soap are claimed unique.
> A pause – I've won! Queen Anne is dead.
>
> W. J. ELLERBY

And the valedictory:

> Here buried is the TV Quiz . . .
> Shorn of its final flickering drive,
> Like shucked-out corn, corny-forlorn,
> It could no longer purchase Time.
>
> LEO SPERO

While Jeremiah Sowerby only needed a couplet for his eighteenth-century epigram:

> With tiresome Pomp, while *Demos'* whim decreed,
> Was leaning spoil'd, to suit vicarious greed.

Also commended are Gloria Prince, Little Billee, Betty Roberts, Eunice John, T. R. Johnson and Tom Naisby. I recommend the division of the prize money among the authors whose entries are printed below.

> They asked you 'Who?' and 'When?' and sometimes 'How?'
> And if you knew you won with your reply.
> But all those questioners have vanished now
> Since someone dared to ask a simple 'Why?'
>
> D. ROTHENBERG

> *Ex glande quercus:*
> Each quiz is a smashing hit;
> Quiet now the circus:
> *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*
>
> S. M. MANSELL

The Colour Problem

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(And got a cup of hemlock as his prize.)
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And: 'If you want the jackpot, specialise.'

J. W. SMEED

Why bother to keep ancient Arts alive?
TV's the art form with the common touch.
'Tis only fools for deeper Wisdom strive
When knowledge of so little gains so much.

RUSSELL EDWARDS

The quiz is out at last: there is no question—
We'd rather view a comic or a dancer.
But why the failure? Who knows? One suggestion
Is that the programmes simply didn't answer.

G. J. BLUNDELL

City Lights

Our Mutual Friends

Money is easy now as it is only in mid-recession. Shops are begging their customers to buy the moon on credit, banks beseeching them to weigh the virtues of a third overdraft. Some building societies now have more money than they can safely lend, almost all are rapidly relaxing their rules. Now, if ever, the movement can afford to cut the rate it pays investors for the sake of making its long-awaited cut in mortgage rates. The Halifax announced a cut long ago, the Scottish societies are now to make one. But the Building Societies Association is to recommend no change in rates for the time being.

There is no doubt that higher interest rates provide managers with more cash: building societies are run for the mutual benefit of lenders and borrowers, but one side, until there is no longer a housing shortage, will always tend to be more mutual than the other. There's another point too. Nasty-minded people have suggested that the societies might even cut their mortgage rates without cutting the rates which they offer to investors, as the Scottish societies, hoping for tax reliefs in the Budget, are now doing. The resulting reduction in their current working margin of two per cent., though perhaps lacking 'financial prudence', lacks it in the sort of way you might expect from a non-profit-making friendly society. But the natural reluctance of any manager to part with his cushion has been fortified and justified by the government's proposal to confer trustee status on the deposits of societies which conform to certain standards—which can boast, in particular, a minimum ratio of free reserves to deposits.

This sudden urge to build up reserve ratios, it has been suggested, is one reason for the recent flurry of takeover bids in the building society world. Mergers have taken place often enough in the past for one reason or another, but they have usually been arranged quietly between managers and have made little difference one way or another to shareholders. Imagine, then, the scandal caused by the recent open struggle for control of the Sheerness and Gillingham society, a small society with an abnormally high level of reserves, whose quiet arrangement to merge with the Hastings and Thanet was threatened by counter-bids, first from the Co-operative Permanent and then from the Leek & Moorhouse, until the original proposal made to its shareholders had been greatly improved. This sort of thing has not happened publicly in the past, and it is natural that the managers involved should regard it as undignified. Now, however, it may well become more common.

The orthodox hard-faced case for takeover bids, of course, is that the successful bidder will produce higher profits and dividends by putting economic resources to work more efficiently. It is difficult to see how this argument can properly be applied to building societies, which exist not to make profits nor to pay higher dividends, but to provide a service—some members putting cash into the common pool, some taking it out at an agreed rate of interest. Only minor benefits, one would have supposed, are likely to accrue either to lenders or to borrowers through the enlargement of the pool—though a larger pool does, of course, help to justify larger expenditure on administration and is more satisfying to the managerial ego. Yet it is this existing trend towards size for its own sake which the government's proposals are designed to encourage.

Bigness sometimes produces economies of scale and sometimes the reverse. Because a building society is a non-profit-making club there are no profits to measure the efficiency of the managers. Because the shareholders receive a fixed dividend they take even less interest in the running of the society than the shareholders of a company. The mortgagors grumble but seldom do more. It is a comfortable life for our mutual friends.

But it is absurd to suppose that the sort of organisation which suits the local grocers' Christmas club will do for running a national building society owning millions of pounds worth of assets. The movement needs a more thorough examination than the Registrar of Friendly Societies can ever give it—and soon, before the largest societies become larger and their managers more autonomous than ever.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETING

DISTRICT BANK LIMITED

STATEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN, SIR THOMAS D. BARLOW, G.B.E.

The Chairman, Sir Thomas D. Barlow, G.B.E., has circulated, with the report and accounts, his statement to the shareholders of District Bank Limited prior to the 129th annual general meeting to be held on Friday, 13 February, at the Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester. In the course of his statement the Chairman said:—

Before turning to the accounts it is appropriate to refer to the step we took last August which identified us more closely with hire purchase finance. The decision to extend our interests in this way followed a change in the official attitude toward the participation by banks in this field of business and we acquired a substantial interest in The Astley Industrial Trust Limited on terms which by them and by us are considered satisfactory. We much welcome the formation of so important a link with this progressive company with whom, as their bankers, we have long had most friendly relations. The closer association will we feel sure be of mutual benefit and also to the advantage of the wide public we both serve.

Statement of Accounts

From the Balance Sheet you will see that Current, Deposit and other Accounts are nearly £2 million higher than they were in December, 1957. This increase would no doubt have been greater had the fall in interest rates not induced some customers to make heavy withdrawals during the Autumn for the purpose of providing in advance for taxation by the purchase of Tax Reserve Certificates.

On the assets side, Cash, Money at call and short notice, Treasury Bills and Bills of Exchange amount to £82 million. Of these items Treasury Bills have been sharply reduced during the year in order to provide the additional accommodation required by our customers. Notwithstanding this variation, our ratio of liquidity represents 32 per cent. of our liability to depositors.

Bank Property and Development

The expansion of the Bank's activities is under constant review and to this end we have purchased premises in places where we intend to open branches. These acquisitions, together with the reconstruction and building of offices where our business has outgrown the existing accommodation, explain the increase in Bank Property. During the past year we have opened branches at Oxford, Swindon, Wolverhampton and York, and we have just opened an additional branch at Newcastle upon Tyne.

The Year's Earnings

I am pleased to say that the position is sufficiently favourable for us to show an increase of £65,237 in Net Profit over the figure for the previous year. After making the usual provisions this profit amounts to £738,197 and, adding the amount brought forward, there is for disposal £1,041,667

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Pushkin's superb "Tales of Ivan Belkin";
Kazakevich's "The House on the Square" (the recent interesting novel about Soviet-occupied Germany);
Eisenstein's absorbing "Notes of a Film Producer", and Kotov & Yudovich's full-scale study: "The Soviet School of Chess."

Scottish readers should write for full details to:
Scottish-Soviet Book Society
9 BELMONT CRESCENT GLASGOW, W.2

COMPANY MEETINGS

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

SATISFACTORY GROWTH IN VOLUME OF BUSINESS

RT. HON. SIR OLIVER FRANKS ON ENTRY INTO H.P. FIELD

The Annual General Meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held on 13 February at the Head Office, 71 Lombard Street, London, EC3.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, The Rt. Hon. Sir Oliver Franks, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., C.B.E.:

The profit for the year 1958, at £2,727,535, is £225,144 higher than last year and the dividends paid or proposed represent an effective increase from 13 per cent. to 15 per cent. allowing for the enlargement of the capital by the issue of one new share for every two shares held.

The business of the bank has shown a satisfactory growth over the year, and this applies to all categories of our domestic affairs; the number of our customers continues to increase as the banking habit spreads to a wider section of the population.

The offers to purchase the Ordinary and Preference share capital of Olds Discount Company Limited were accepted to the extent of 99½ per cent. of the Ordinary Share Capital and 97¼ per cent. of the Preference Capital. Steps are being taken to acquire the outstanding balance in each case. The purchases were made in conjunction with The National Bank of Scotland Limited and The Commercial Bank of Scotland Limited and have since been transferred to a new holding company, Lloyds and Scottish Finance Limited, to which company the Commercial Bank of Scotland has similarly transferred its holding of shares in Scottish Midland Guarantee Trust Limited. The Commercial Bank of Scotland and Lloyds Bank each hold 50 per cent. of the capital of this company at a cost to us of £10,300,000.

Our bank has also subscribed for 2,000,000 new ordinary shares of 5s. 0d. each in Bowmaker Limited at 29s. 6d. per share, costing £2,950,000.

New Trends in Banking

The ending of the credit squeeze was rapidly followed by a number of interesting new departures in the field of banking. For our own part, we have so far felt that in the freer conditions we can once again fully serve the interests of our customers and of the general public without the introduction of special schemes for personal loans or for a class of customer entitled to less than the general services of the bank. The change in official policy did, however, provide an opportunity to put into effect our plans for participation in hire purchase finance, the details of which have already been mentioned.

Now that the official restraints have been relaxed, it seems natural that our bank should extend its interests into this field, which might be described as first cousin to banking proper. The association between our bank and the finance companies in question promises to be of mutual advantage from the commercial point of view and we feel no doubt that our investment will prove worth while.

In the course of an extensive survey, Sir Oliver Franks referred to the move towards convertibility, the basic improvement in sterling, to the slowing down of industrial production, The European Economic Community and trade with developing countries. Sir Oliver, concluding his review, said:—

Co-operation, not exclusiveness: that, surely, must be the guiding principle throughout the free world. The arrangements between the six countries of the Common Market, the discussions in Montreal, are each in their own way recognitions of the growing interdependence between nations; yet neither of these groupings is sufficiently embracing by itself to provide a satisfactory answer to the problems they set out to solve. Our interest is that a solution should be found of the difficulties in the relations of the Common Market and of the developing countries with the rest of the free world which gives an extension of liberal trading policies over the widest possible area. But if we and others are to play our parts in finding a solution, it must be recognised that there is no constructive element in recrimination. It must be recognised that, given good will, a solution is completely possible. And it is easy to foresee the verdict of future generations if we and others allow ourselves to get stalled in fruitless 'Whodunit' politics.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

LARGER PROFIT & DIVIDEND

LORD ALDENHAM'S REVIEW

The Annual General Meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held in London on 11 February.

The following are extracts from the Statement by the Chairman, the Rt. Hon. Lord Aldenham, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1958:

Our profit for the year of £2,069,747 was some £217,000 higher than in 1957 and the satisfactory trading experienced in 1958 has enabled us to pay a final dividend of 1s. 6d. per share on the 'B' shares, making for the year 2s. 6d. per share compared with 2s. 3d. per share in 1957.

Restoration of Freedom

The factors affecting our trading figures this year have been numerous, the most significant being the persistent downward trend in the Bank rate and the restoration, after many years' absence, of the freedom we enjoy in the conduct of our business.

Our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts have increased by over £36 million to a new peak figure of £917 million but much of our increase in this item is in the form of Deposit Account balances upon which we are paying interest. Incidentally, I am pleased to record a very large increase in the numbers of the new accounts opened during the year – indeed the largest increase on record.

Advances have increased substantially, by £53 million, a pleasing indication of the needs of our customers and our present ability to satisfy them wherever we can properly do so. The rate of earnings on our Loans and Overdrafts has fluctuated with the various changes in Bank rate, the average being rather lower than in 1957.

We have switched in some measure into British Government Securities and it is eminently satisfactory to report that the deficiency in terms of market value has now disappeared from our Balance Sheet: once again we have not used reserves to write down our holdings.

Participation in Hire-Purchase

Our Trade Investments reflect the purchase of a 20 per cent. interest in the Mercantile Credit Company Limited, which we undertook after careful consideration of the desirability of obtaining a participation in the field of hire-purchase finance, about which we are wholly satisfied: we are hopeful that our total investment in this Company of some £2 million, of which we have paid one-quarter to date, will be of benefit to our profits in the years ahead.

While we have had a full share in developments in domestic banking generally in 1958, we have not thought it necessary to advertise a special cheap restricted Current Account. As a Bank which has traditionally served the private customer, we have always given careful consideration to his particular needs and I am confident that we remain as fully competitive in this service as we have always been.

Confidence in Currency

In September 1957 confidence in the international value of the pound sterling was not very strong abroad, and severe steps were taken to remedy the situation: but it was not until well into 1958 that there was any certainty that the desired results of checking inflation and restoring confidence in our currency had been achieved.

It is probable that the obvious determination of the Government to maintain the value of the pound even at the cost of some slight loss of production was an important factor in this success: but there were, of course, other factors such as the encouraging stability of the value of our exports and the continued fall in the prices of our imports.

The recession in the United States caused industrial production there to fall steeply from September 1957 until April 1958: but since then well over half of that fall has been recovered. Europe has also experienced a minor recession. The worst feature of the set-back in world industrial production was that it caused a fall in commodity prices with a consequent loss of income to the primary producing countries. Loans have been made during 1958 by the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund to Overseas Sterling Area countries: the effect on primary producing members of the Sterling Area of the reduced demand for their exports was also eased by the way in which they drew on their sterling balances: large drawings by Sterling Area countries were more or less equalled by the inflow of foreign money. Our very healthy balance of payments – £334 million in the first six months of 1958 – has been used principally to increase the gold and dollar reserves, and to make long-term investment in the rest of the Sterling Area and in Canada.

During 1958 the reserves in fact increased by £284 million to £1,096 million at the end of the year. They are, however still too slender for comfort, especially in view of the known claims on them in the coming months. At New Delhi the decision was taken, largely at the instigation of this country, to strengthen the resources of the I.M.F.; this strengthening of the I.M.F. will add to the stability of the pound.

Convertibility of Sterling

In December it proved possible to announce legal convertibility of sterling held by residents abroad, a step which is already helping to increase the income from our foreign business, and which is welcome too in that it implies that the Government do not intend to permit expansion to lead to renewed inflation.

The price of the restraint necessary to achieve these successes has been a slight fall in industrial production during the year, and some increase in unemployment and lessening of overtime earnings. It was, however, natural and proper that, as soon as stability had been attained steps should be taken towards renewed expansion. At the end of July the credit squeeze was officially ended and freedom of competition between the banks was thereby restored.

Some of our senior officials, in visits to the United States over the last few years, studied the results of the personal loans schemes operated by American banks, and their reports convinced us that the business would be useful to the community and profitable to ourselves, and should be introduced as soon as Government policy permitted. It must be remembered, however, that before the credit squeeze we regularly made loans on the security of personal character and the prospects of the business.

Special Deposits

When ending the credit squeeze the authorities decided, pending the report of the Radcliffe Committee, to take power to call for Special Deposits if necessary to control bank lending. I regret this decision, and trust that the power may never be used. I would have thought a better method would be for the Government itself to refrain from creating an excessive volume of credit.

So far the result of steps towards re-expansion has been most apparent in the sale of consumer goods but reports from our Branches still give little sign that private industry is resuming investment in plant and buildings on the scale necessary to increase the future prosperity of our industries.

The Outlook

The prospects for 1959 have to be viewed with caution. There is considerable danger in the possibility of a Western European split over the Common Market and the Free Trade Area. Recent reports from the shipbuilding, textile and coal mining industries do not indicate much early improvement: and the heavy fall in the volume of imports of the raw materials of our main industries during 1958 does not give cause to expect a rapid up-turn in production. A possible immediate stimulant to several industries would be to declare that there will be no important alteration in purchase tax this year: there is always a considerable reluctance to buy during the months before the Budget if a change downwards in purchase tax is generally expected. But the Budget date is generally in April: a long time to wait if unemployment trends continue upwards.

Since profits have been harder to earn the revenue may be less buoyant than of late, and there are many clamorous calls on the Public Purse: but this should not deter the Chancellor from fulfilling the faint hopes he has given of a reduction in taxation, which, as the Cohen Committee suggests, would be an important stimulant to production.

MIDLAND BANK

Viscount Monckton's review of a most eventful year

The following are extracts from the Statement issued to Shareholders by the Chairman, The Right Hon. The VISCOUNT MONCKTON OF BRENCHLEY, P.C., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., M.C., Q.C.

The past year has been one of the most eventful in the history of the Bank, by reason of the innovations made in banking service, the publicity attracted at home and abroad by these developments, and the volume of new business that has come to the Bank as a direct or indirect consequence of them. Up to the end of December we had made over 45,000 personal loans, for sums averaging about £160, and the amount outstanding on them is nearly £7m. Analysis of the purposes for which the loans have been taken shows that over one-third of them by number, and over one-half by amount, have been for the purchase of motor vehicles. The demand has been evenly spread throughout the country. We have also been gratified by the immediate response to the Personal Cheque system. Large numbers of Personal Cheque Accounts are being opened every day at branches throughout the country, and the average balance on such accounts has exceeded our expectations.

Turning to national affairs Lord Monckton says: At the moment, the disquieting aspects of the domestic position have to do with production and employment. The higher figures of unemployment and short-time working are in themselves disturbing; so is the fact that the productive capacity of industry – greatly enlarged by heavy capital investment – is not being fully used. No doubt the situation is in part to be regarded as an easing of unhealthy tension; but it would be wrong to shut our eyes to the risk of positive recession. The real test will come when, in the spring of this year, the indices show or fail to show a seasonal improvement of average or more than average magnitude.

In these days we look to Government as exercising major responsibility for modifying the climate within which private industry and trade are carried on. This extension of responsibility is perhaps the most significant addition to the functions of Government that has taken place since the 'thirties. The past year has brought us to the first occasion after the war on which Government has been called upon to face what, in the absence of positive action, might merge into serious depression. The fact that Government recognizes its new responsibility, and has already acted upon it, is a source of reassurance; so also is the fact that it is better equipped, with statistics and other information, for its task than it has ever been before; and again that its discretionary powers to influence the economic situation are both wide-ranging and adaptable.

There is and always must be a large element of the "hunch" and the "intelligent guess" in the efforts of any Government, however wise and well-informed it may be, to maintain lasting equilibrium on a steadily rising trend. In my view, there is good reason to hope that action already taken, perhaps supplemented by further steps in the same direction, will go far to bring about a resumption of general economic expansion coupled with monetary stability. There must, however, be a combination of well-judged action at Government level and sustained effort and enterprise in private business.

The one hundred and twenty-third Annual General Meeting of the Bank will be held on February 13 at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.2.

HOLLAND
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and only 1 day away
from your business

TRAVEL OVERNIGHT VIA HARWICH AND HOOK OF HOLLAND

Liverpool Street depart 7-30 p.m. arrive back 9-14 a.m.

- **NO HOTEL BILLS**
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12 Hours in AMSTERDAM

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14 Hours in THE HAGUE

BRITISH RAILWAYS

The Chess Board

No. 480. Our Study Competition

No tail-end competition this week nor a 4-pointer for beginners. Pride of place obviously belongs to the winners of our study competition, and to rate each of them 8 ladder-points might be almost niggardly if it weren't for some pretty useful hints in the Judges' Report. Its summing up: *Our first three endings are far above the run of generally prized endgames, they era studies of very high quality, sure of a place in future anthologies.* High praise indeed when coming from such eminent experts as André Chéron and Harold Lommer, neither of them easily pleased and both of them universally renowned for their uncomprisingly exacting standards. Here's some of the detailed report:

KOPNIN: An extraordinary domination without pawns and with maximum economy of material. 14 of White's 16 moves by the Rook and 13 of Black's 15 by the Bishop. It seems miraculous that so long a solution should be sound and exciting from the first to the last move. A real hunt, with the coup de grâce very properly administered by His Majesty.

KOROLKOV: Three promotions to Bishop! If it is not the world record (twice held by Lommer with quadruple promotion), it is none the less a superb realisation of a very difficult promotion task.

HERBSTMANN: Three different stalemates, but it is not in their number (which is no rarity) that we see the value of this ending. It is in the charm of the combination and the beauty of the introduction.

KOROLKOV and MITROFANOV: A long and exciting Knight-ride.

ANDRÉ CHÉRON *HAROLD LOMMER*

The fact that (with scores of entries to be considered) our judges spent hundreds of hours on their task will hardly surprise those of us who know that they could not possibly tackle it in any other but their very own meticulous and painstakingly thorough way. Even so, they want me to keep the usual three months' 'safety margin' for their awards to become effective. That should give the cookhunters ample time to do their damnedest, and (to quote our judges), 'we do *not* wish them good hunting.'

We all owe Chéron and Lommer a great debt of gratitude and in expressing it once again I am happy to add my own thanks to all competitors. They included some world-famous composers from many lands as well as dozens of our regular competition solvers, and a good many entries would be certain prizewinners in any competition lacking the uncommonly high standard set by our first three. Will competitors please let me know if they want their entries returned or held over for occasional use in a 'Readers' Own' week. In view (and in proper awe) of the tough nuts in this week's competition, I will add a guinea of my own to the prize fund, but I cannot extend the close of entries beyond 2 February.

1st A. G. Kopnin

White to play and win

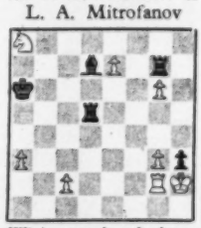
2nd V. A Korolkov

White to play and win

3rd A. O. Herbstmann
(Dedicated to T. M. Friedman)

White to play & draw

4th V. A. Korolkov & L. A. Mitrofanov



White to play & draw

REPORT on No. 477. Set 3 January.

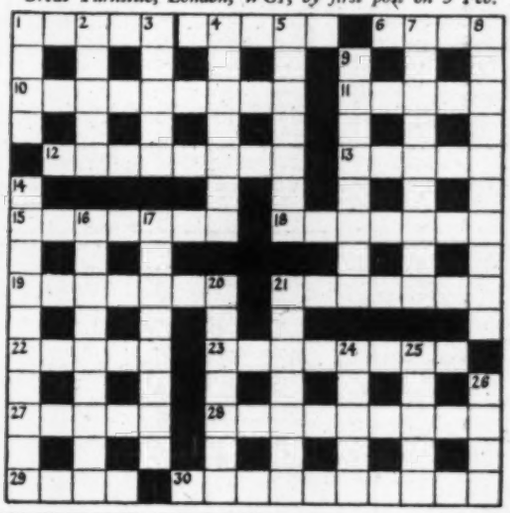
A: (26) . . . PxP; (27) RxQ, RxP ch; (28) K-R1, R-Kt8 ch etc.
B: (1) PxR ch, KxP, (2) B-B6 ch, KxB; (3) Kt-Q8 ch, K-Q4; (4) Kt-K7 ch, K-K5; (5) Q-QB2 ch, K-B6; (6) Q-Kt2 ch, QxQ mate.
C: Temptation (1) KxP? refuted by . . . Q-R4! Key: R-QKt3 (threat: Kt-B3-Q2 mate). If (1) . . Kt-R5; (2) KxP!, Q-K7 ch; (3) R-Q3 ch. QxR ch; (4) Kt-B4 ch, P-K4; (5) BxP mate.
If (3) . . . KtxR; (4) Kt-B3 ch, K-K6; (5) B-Q4 mate.
If (1) . . Kt-K6; (2) Kt-Q3 ch, P-K4; (3) BxP ch, K-B5; (4) R-B3

Prizes: C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, J. G. Kennion, A. J. Sobey.

ASSIAC

Travel Crossword: 339

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 339, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 3 Feb.



ACROSS

1. Teacher falls for holiday outings (5, 5).
6. Holiday treats—best if within the National Trust (4).
10. Retreat for a writer pursued by lots of goddesses (9).
11. The Scottish river takes a girl north (5).
12. Here in Scotland are two mountains behind a second (8).
13. Train bore (5).
15. Train which has a fellow behind to try to move it (7).
18. What one needs in rough weather for example with big sea-creatures about (7).
19. Traveller who said we must cultivate our garden (7).
21. Two Cities traveller: friend about to go fishing (7).
22. They have a long summer holiday and go on foot (5).
23. The Spanish tourist attraction has to study in a retrograde cause (8).
27. Land at the end of a passage (5).
28. Book in Germany before a holiday here (9).
29. Wine which fills half the hiker's luggage (4).
30. Be with a stroke when it is time to get ready. (10).

DOWN

1. When this fellow goes round the East it is not dear (4).
2. A man of refinement, he arranges the holiday (5).
3. Not travelling light, she is hot on gold (5).
4. Ran over a radio performer somewhere in the East (7).
5. Foreign currency fixed in seeds (7).
7. Temperate place for holidays (9).
8. Celebrated girls, they should be taken on holiday (10).
9. Not pulled by an engine and unwrought in manganese (8).
14. Means of travel for resorts in which hot and cold pies are distributed (10).
16. Part of France in which the tongue is shown in front of the medico (9).
17. Chief support for mother during her visit (8).
20. Suiting the palate in a café at a bleak resort (7).
21. Hope's journey's end is binding (7).
24. Degrade a place to make excursions from (5).
25. It comes finally in returning home gaily (5).
26. A lot of horses for the boss (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 337

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 337

Mrs H. Mundy (London N10
Dr R. L. Meek (Glasgow W2)
Mrs F. Hughes (London W3)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE FAMILY REHABILITATION CENTRE AT CROWLEY HOUSE,
Weoley Park Road,
Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29
(under the control of the Committee of the Middlemore Homes)

has a vacancy for a RESIDENT SOCIAL WORKER.

The appointment provides opportunity for intensive family case work as mothers with a variety of family problems are in residence with their children for up to four months, and fathers stay at week-ends.

Applicants should have a social study qualification and be interested to work with a team of trained workers in all the activities of the Home, but take special responsibility for aftercare of families who have returned to their homes.

Salary will be according to age and experience.

For further particulars apply to: The Secretary, Middlemore Homes – address as above.

TEACHERS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary and elementary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September 1959.

Applicants should be under the age of 45 years and must have completed a formal course of teacher-training or hold a diploma in Education. For secondary school certification, applicants must hold also a recognised University degree or equivalent. Interviews with a representative who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia will be arranged in February, March and April for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined. Those interested should write immediately to The Agent General for British Columbia, 1 Regent Street, London, SW1.

HEAD of Admiralty Centre for Scientific Information and Liaison: Pensionable post in London for man or woman at least 31 on 1.1.59. Qualifications normally 1st or 2nd class honours degree in a scientific subject or high professional attainment. Good general knowledge of scientific and technical matters, some special knowledge or experience in a branch of physical science, and interest in scientific and technical information work essential. Knowledge of French, German or Russian desirable. Salary scale £1,450-£2,050. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley St, London W1, for appl. form, quoting S4924/59. Closing date 26 Feb. 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SOCIAL WORK EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

For Professional Sectarian Multi-Service Child and Family Agency in Europe.

Applicant (man or woman), Jewish, must have social work training and experience and proven performance to qualify for supervision large staff including a number of trained Social Workers as well as administrative personnel.

Fluent knowledge of French (speak, read, write) mandatory.

Only those interested in 'career position' for at least 3-5 years should apply.

Excellent salary commensurate with abilities. Apply with complete details of qualifications and experience, to Box 5571.

SHROPSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications invited for appointment as YOUTH OFFICER for SOUTH SHROPSHIRE. Suitable qualifications include Degree or Diploma, teaching experience, or training and experience in Youth work. Salary £708 15s. × £26 5s – £997 10s., starting ponnt according to experience and qualifications. Car allowance.

Forms, due back by 7 February, and further details (s.a.e.) from H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

RESEARCH EXECUTIVE

Young man or woman with at least twelve months' experience of Market Research wanted. Preferably he or she should be a graduate with an Economics, Sociology or Psychology degree. For the right applicant the post offers excellent prospects. Salary according to age and experience. Please apply in writing to:

J. D. F. Martyn, Esq.,

THE PULSE LIMITED,
41-42 Dover Street, London, W1.

ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC WORKERS

Trade Union Organiser required to work from office in Sheffield. Salary £820 to £985 per annum. Pension provision. Apply stating age and experience to General Secretary, 15 Half Moon Street, London, W1, by 31 January 1959.

REHABILITATION of Problem Families. There is a vacancy at a family rehabilitation centre in Birmingham for a resident Assistant Warden. Applications are invited from experienced women Social Workers, holding a Social Science Diploma and/or Child Care Certificate, and who are keenly interested in family casework. Salary will be according to age and experience. Further details may be obtained from Mr D. S. G. Burch, Secretary, The Middlemore Homes, Weoley Park Rd, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Programme Assistant in its Arabic Service in London. The Service broadcasts for 9½ hours a day, and transmissions include news bulletins, talks, music, features, variety and every type of broadcast programme. First-class knowledge of Classical Arabic, good standard of culture and education, knowledge of English and an attractive speaking voice are essential. A very good standard of English and any special knowledge of music or ability in original writing, acting and producing will be an advantage. Selected candidates will be required to pass voice and written tests. Appointment for three years (with possible extension) at fixed salary of £960 pa. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional). Prospects of promotion during engagement. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.958 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, BBC, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within fourteen days.

BBC requires Producer, Talks and Topicality Unit, West Region, to produce talks, talks features and especially contributions to magazine programmes drawing on material in Devon and Cornwall, mainly for Sound though similar work will increasingly be required for Television. Good education and wide interests essential. Knowledge of the West Country, journalistic aptitude and good microphone personality highly desirable. Based in Plymouth. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.851 N.Stm), should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Chair of History. Applications are invited for a newly established second Chair within the Department of History. The Professor will be responsible for the teaching of European History and for the supervision of the staff whose work lies primarily in that field. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment. There is retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and in addition a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 9 March 1959.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Educational Psychologist in Willesden area. Salary Soulbury II (under review) £1,150-£1,400 (male) £1,094-£1,319 (female). Hons. degree in Psychology or equiv. Recognised clinical training, teaching exper. & prev. exper. as Educational Psychologist desirable. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (use) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Gt George St, SW1, returnable by 4 February (Quote Y.933 N.S. & N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

SCHOOL of English South London requires teacher, partnership considered. Subjects, English, Literature. Accom. avail. Box 5462.

ACTORS' Equity require Secretary/shorthand-Typist. TU scale to £10 2s. 6d. Write 8 Harley Street, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range of £700 to £1,500 according to qualifications and experience, to take up appointment on 1 October 1959. Superannuation under the FSSU or otherwise can be arranged. Twelve copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of education, and including twelve copies of two testimonials and/or names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than 20 February 1959. Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy of application only. E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Chair of Russian. Applications are invited for a newly established Chair of Russian. The Professor should be a person whose native language is English. A Lecturer whose native language is Russian will also be appointed. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment. There is retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and in addition a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 9 March 1959.

AUSTRALIA – University of New England. Lecturer in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above position. The Lecturer appointed will be required to prepare and supervise courses for internal and external students reading for Pass and Honours Degrees. Courses are given in (a) Metaphysics, Epistemology and Logic, and (b) Social Philosophy (Ethics and Politics), and applicants should state in which field their principal interests lie. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,500-£A2,100 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £90. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 20 February, 1959.

CLINICAL Psychologist (sole, whole-time) required at Broadmoor Institution, Crowthorne, Berks (920 beds), for persons of unsound mind of criminal tendencies. Salary £790 (age 25), £945 (age 30 or over), to £1,080. National Health Service conditions and superannuation. Further information from Medical Superintendent to whom applications naming three referees should be sent before 7 February 1959.

LIBRARIAN wanted to assist in small Information Office and Library. Cataloguing and typing useful assets. 5-day week. Permanent pensionable post. Box 5677.

More Appointments Vacant on page 130

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p.129

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureship in Anthropology. Applications are invited for the above position. Preference will be given to candidates interested and with research experience either in Western industrial societies or in Africa. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500-£A90-£A2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 16 February, 1959.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Senior Lectureship in the History and Philosophy of Science. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200-£A80-£A2,600 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 16 February, 1959.

GHOST writer, male or female, to help working scientist with three books concerned with historical aspects of science and technology. Must have easy, accurate style; University degree, preferably in English or History; enthusiasm, patience and adaptability. Will be required to live about six months at Pitlochry. Perfect climate and congenial company/work/surroundings. Pay, £450. Write with brief curriculum vitae: Box 5418.

SMALL progressive Art firm requires energetic outside Sales Interviewer (either sex), own car, extremely interesting & remunerative work, 40-mile radius own area. Full partics past occupn, age, etc. Box 5681.

ASSISTANT with some experience, to develop small book and stationery business in North London. Would suit ex-junior seeking greater scope. Box 5392.

ASSISTANT Manager required for Collet's Russian & Multilingual Bookshop. Advanced knowledge of Russian required with fair degree of conversational fluency. Knowledge of German and/or any Eastern European language an advantage. TU salary and conditions; free superannuation; three weeks' holiday after one year's service. Applics in writing to Collet's, 44-45 Museum St, WC1.

TEACHER of English for foreigners wanted, with experience of Cambs. exams, able teach Eng. Literature. Box 5518.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers required for work with team dealing, under general direction of consultant psychiatrist, with care and after care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness in interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley salary (£585 – £810 plus London Weighting) and conditions. Secretarial assistance provided. Partics and applicn form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/4), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 2 Feb. (4)

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker (whole-time) reqd. for Brixton child guidance unit to work with Medical Director and team of psychiatrists, educational psychologists and psychiatric social workers. Position permanent and pensionable. Clerical assistance provided. Whitley salary (£585 – £810 plus London Weighting) and conditions. Application forms, returnable by 2 February from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/2560) County Hall, SE1.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST (whole-time) reqd by LCC at Coombe Hall, residential School for maladjusted children, East Grinstead. Applicants should possess honours degree in psychology or Mental Health certificate and have undertaken specialised training in psychotherapy inclg analysis with children. Salary £1,150-£1,600 a year. Application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/27), County Hall, SE1. Returnable by 5 February.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District, require a senior clerical assistant, with shorthand-typing and knowledge of accounts. Hours 9-5, no Saturdays. Salary £400 × £25 to £600. Superannuation scheme. Apply in writing to : District Secretary, 28 Woburn Square, WC1.

LABOUR Party headquarters require shorthand-typists. Salary £6 5s per week at 18, rising to £10 15s 5d per week at 24. Superannuation Scheme. Membership of the Labour Party and Trade Union essential. Apply to Mr Morgan Phillips, Secretary, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY of Lincoln – Parts of Kesteven Education Committee. Applications are invited from men and women with experience and/or training in youth work, for the post of Peripatetic Youth Leader. Two appointments are to be made from April, 1959. The persons appointed will be required to run two or three clubs within reasonable travelling distance of one of the main centres of population in Kesteven. Successful applicants will be required to provide a car for which a travelling allowance will be paid. There is a County Council loan scheme for the purchase of cars. Salary – Miscellaneous Scale NJC (vi) £685 × £20 to £745. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. Applications must be submitted within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. T. W. P. Golby, Director of Education, County Offices, Sleaford, Lincs.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following appointments: Child Care Officer (Senior Vistor), Male or Female. Child Care Officers, Male or Female. Candidates for the above appointments should have an understanding of duties falling to a field worker in a Children's Department. Preference will be given to those holding recognised Child Care qualifications, but persons not technically qualified but with wide experience will receive consideration. Salary – APT 1/2 (£575-£845) in addition to which Senior Visitors receive a responsibility allowance. Forms of application and full particulars may be obtained from The Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2, to whom they should be returned by 31 January 1959.

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service and assignment to following school. Burnham (London) scale salary (with allowance and additional payment) subject to approval of Council on appointment. Form TS.10 (SR) from Divisional Officer (sae f'scap), returnable to head at school within two weeks. Division No. 3, 20 Compton Terrace, N1. Shelburne School, Annette Road, N7 (420 girls, 11-16, roll will increase in September). Head of English Dept (£125). Experienced Mistress. Good academic qualifications desirable, to organise and build up subject throughout school; interest in Library, Drama and Speech work. (144.)

LONDON County Council, Children's Department. Superintendent and Matron. Married couple, with experience in modern child care, required for joint appointment at Langley House Reception Home, East India Dock Road, E14. Home is likely to be designated as a special reception centre for children under 12 yrs of age remanded in custody. Superintendent will be in charge and, with psychiatric assistance, responsible for observation and assessment of up to 40 children aged 2-15 yrs. Matron will supervise catering and domestic arrangements. Salaries: Superintendent, £650 rising to £800. Matron, £560 rising to £660, both less £134 14s. for board, lodging and laundry. Only applicants with suitable qualifications and/or experience of residential child care will be considered. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/18), County Hall, London, SE1.

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 20. Candidates under 30 without University qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Details and application forms from: Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board (3P), Home Office, Princeton House, 271/277 High Holborn, WC1.

LONDON County Council. Experienced Social Workers preferably with Social Science qualfcn reqd for permanent appointment as Assistant Local Organisers under Mental Deficiency Acts. Duties incl. visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in the community. £592 10s. – £792 10s., commencing point accdg to quals and expce, commenc. salary for persons under 24 is abatable. Apply Medical Officer of Health (PH/DI./2593), County Hall, SE1. Forms rtnble by 2 Feb.

HOUSEMOTHERS/Housefathers required. Hostel maladjusted Children. Apply giving particulars of experience together with copies of two recent testimonials, or names of referees. Hever Warren, Hever, Kent.

EXPERIENCED, conscientious, Secretary, urgently required by small City Timber Agents. Emidicta machines. Knowledge of French/German an advantage but not essential. Lady looking for permanency, starting salary abt £10 plus L.V., hardworking (no Saturdays), loyal, ring BIShopsgate 4767 or, outside office hours, Hatchend 1186.

DESIGN Research Unit requires a first-class lettering artist for presentation and finished work. A very high standard only will be considered. Apply first to Business Manager, 37 Duke Street, London, W1.

EVENING employment offered to lady with own typewriter, no domestic responsibilities, 3/5 evgs weekly for library reference work W. London area. State age. Box 5682.

SECRETARY, 20/30, for Architect. Salary £11/£12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HAMPSTEAD Council of Social Service have vacancy for full-time General Secretary. Candidates must hold social science qualifications and have wide experience in Citizens' Advice Bureaux and family case work. Salary £700. Replies enclosing names of two referees to be sent to Chairman, Hampstead Council of Social Service, Burgh House, New End Square, NW3.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Library Assistant with the Granada/Zoological Society Film Unit. Applicants must have shorthand and typing. Some knowledge of Zoology and some indexing experience would be additional assets. Applications to Personnel Department, Granada TV Network Ltd, 36 Golden Square, W1.

SECRETARY-Receptionist, also receptionist (male or female) required for well-known extraordinary Welsh Hotel. Season March-October. Box 5603.

ORGANISING Assistant (woman), part-time 1959, for Town and Country Planning Association. Experience exhibitions, lectures, receptions, etc., useful. State salary reqd. to Director, TCPA, 28 King St, WC2.

KIND capable person offered healthy, happy home and salary from March, chiefly to look after boys 3 and 5 years at morning school. Extremely labour-saving house, good daily help. Mrs. Walker, Grey's Orchard, Barby, Nr Rugby.

ST MARYLEBONE Labour Party want part-time paid typing and office help. Write HQ, 88 Park Rd, NW1.

PART-time book-keeper/typist, PAYE, required for small West-End Secretarial Bureau. Good salary. Box 5716.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOLICITOR (44) in charge legal dept commercial company, mainly property work, sks congenial post in commercial, industrial or property development co. Box 5489.

MAN, 20 years' experience factory welfare, including secretaryship to works council, magazine editing and photography, wants similar job where literary bent and talent for personal relations is needed. Surrey preferred. Box 5416.

INTELLIGENT, active man used to position of managerial level requires position which demands integrity & confidence in any sphere. Prepared to travel anywhere. Dangerous work not refused. Extensive knowledge of theatre, catering & worldly affairs. Box 5511.

MALE Graduate (Economics), teaching qualifications, 30, married, now working in industry London, seeks change – worthwhile work, preferably rural area. Box 5567.

EFFICIENT & capable Lady seeks administrative position, office or showroom. Exp. dealing with customers, organising ability and initiative. At present earning £850, but money not main consideration. 5 day & City preferred. Box 5708.

SNR book-keeper/accountant/cashier seeks change. Long experience in positions of trust. Eng. & Cont. Exc. refs. Box 5621.

ADAPTABLE man sks evening work. Manual or Mind. Acc. if poss. Box 5630.

TOP City Men prefer good secretaries introduced by Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2.

MOTHER'S Helps – German – avail. to start 1 April. London Cont. Agency, 392 Strand, WC2. TEM. 0248/TER. 2236.

MABEL Eyles & Ptners. Sh./typing, translating, duplicating, printing. MOU. 1701.

GRANTS & STUDENTSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 15 February 1959 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships for full-time research or advanced study: In any subject: (a) Postgraduate Studentships (£350, plus tuition fees, for one year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship (£350 p.a., plus tuition fees, for one or two years); (c) Arthur Jubber Studentship (£350, plus tuition fees, for one year); (d) Postgraduate Travelling Studentships (value according to need – for one year); In Modern Languages: (e) George William Britt (Senior) Studentship (£100 for one year). Applicants for (a), (b), (c) and (e) must be graduates of not more than three years' standing, and for (d) they must be under the age of 28. Forms and further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, London, WC1, to whom applications must be returned by 1 March 1959.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

SCHOLARSHIPS ABROAD 1959-60

Applications are invited from British students for scholarships offered by Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Iceland, Iran, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. The awards are mainly for university graduates and undergraduates and are tenable for periods varying from a few weeks to twelve months during the academic year 1959-60. Full particulars and application forms, for which a stamped (3d.) self-addressed adhesive label should be sent, are obtainable from The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W1, or from any British Council office in the United Kingdom.

CO-OPERATIVE COLLEGE

STANFORD HALL, LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

One hundred scholarships available for session 1959/60. These cover residence, tuition and personal allowance.

Course in SOCIAL STUDIES for University of Nottingham Diploma for external students; and Course for DIPLOMA IN CO-OPERATION.

APPLICATIONS must be received by 1 April.

Particulars from the Administrative Officer.

THE University of Manchester. Hallsworth Research Fellowships. Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowships for advanced work in the field of Political Economy and Political Science. The value of the Fellowships will normally be within the range of £900-£1,800 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Regulations governing the award of the Fellowships may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than 15 March, 1959.

FRENSHAM Heights, Farnham, Surrey. (Co-educational Boarding School.) £150 per annum available for two scholarships (one may be for music) to be awarded to boys or girls aged 10-12½ years on 1 Sept. 1959. Examination in March. Detls from Headmaster.

WHERE TO STAY

COMBE Martin, Devon, Summerlands Guest House, offers homely mod. accom. 5 mins sea. Home produce. Combe Martin 2205.

GET away from it all – to Reculver Lodge, Beltinge, Kent (Herne Bay 750). Country and sea. Vegetarians catered for.

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth. In delightful grounds, glorious scenery, near Blackpool Sands. Ideal for Spring hol. Good food, comfort, h. & c. all bedrms. Own produce, poultry. (No children under 5.) Stoke Fleming 231.

FORGET your cares amid the beauty and peace of miles of forest country. Excellent food, tennis, swimming, dancing and happy social evenings. Write for brochure Q. There are some chalets fully furnished to cater for yourselves and yet enjoy all the social amenities of the Camp. Write for brochure P. Treetops Holiday Camp, Farley Green, Guildford, Surrey.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

FARM Holidays – 1959 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's best farm and country guest houses, county by county, illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Farm Guide (NS), 18 High St, Paisley.

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accommodation and good food at moderate terms. Riding stables, Coarse fishing. Tel. Robertsbridge 148.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

CORNWALL. Nr Penzance, 2 miles superb beach. Large Guest House, open all year. Tel. Germoe 3193. 'Ye Olde Vicarage', St Hilary, Goldsithney.

PENSION Colin, Kerroc'h-Ploubazlanec, Côtes du Nord. Comfortable rooms, fine position overlooking sea. Quiet & restful.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

SCHOOLS

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

PERSONAL

PARTLY-furn. s/c. flat, 2 bedrooms, sit.-rm, kit. & bathrm, c.h.w., in country house nr London in exchange part-time cooking and cleaning. Small wage. Suit English or foreign family. Box 5619.

SWISS girl seeks accommodation, willing to work for rent. PRI. 9866.

ANYONE 30's-40's who would like to help form discussion-group (Jewish), Midlands, please contact Box 5499.

LAW student, 21, woman, with French, German and Spanish requires remunerative vacation work June-July. Anything considered, exchange references. Box 5424.

RELIABLE Yng mrd couple seek congenial employment 2 wks summer. Box 5521.

EXPER. amateur actors reqd. Current production City group. Tel. PUTney 6538.

BECHSTEIN Grand, rosewood case, length 6 ft 8 ins. No. 54222. £170 or near offer. Box 5740.

FIRST-class German lessons by Diploma teacher, Austrian, best refs. Could also read to people in Ger., Eng. & French. Mrs Liebmann, 72 Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 9814.

RUSSIAN lessons by a lady linguist, Cambridge degree. KENsington 9523.

FURN. bungalow/house, 2 bedrooms, wanted month Aug. for 3 adults. Essential clean, comf.; Brighton or nr. Box 5673.

GLUTTON for work required on remote and squalid farm, care two small children, to allow potter wife to pot. Own child not insuperable bar. Seymour, Orford, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

ARE there families like us who would live S. Spain if children's tutoring could be shared? If so, let's confer. Box 5417.

A SANE prep. school? Imaginative, but firm? Establishment planned Sept. if sufficient parents interested. Country district, NW London fringe. Box 5440.

FRENCH lessons wanted, French student living NW. Write 128 Burnley Rd, NW10.

COME Sailing with the South Eastern Sailing School, West Mersea, Essex. Cabin accommodation. Brochure from the secretary's winter residence: 'Stable Cottage', Park Lane, Castle Donington, Nr. Derby.

YOUNG man (28), ex-Public School, seeks m. companion for proposed holiday in Italy August next. Box 5461.

YOUNG woman, BA (Oxon), seeks interesting full/part-time work. Box 5538.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48A Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

ORIGINAL Paintings at less than reproduction prices. 500 works by the best English masters of the last 150 years at prices from 10s. to £10. Please write for lists from Holder, 73 Castelnau, SW13.

PAINTING holidays at Codlwyd, for the 10th season. Unspoiled West Wales coast. Individual tuition for beginners and advanced. April-Sept. Acc. in guest-houses nearby. Details from: Studio, Cottllwyd, nr Newport, Pembrokeshire.

THEATRE Week-end. 20-22 Feb. Visits Arts, Royal Court & Theatre Workshop. B. & B. Discns. Encore, 25 Howland St, W1.

KNOW-How brings you Writing Success. No Sales – No Fees. Gift Year's Subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers, also Free Writing Ability Test. Send for free N.1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. BA School of Successful Writing, Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

WRITER undertakes literary/journalistic/TV research. Reas. terms. Box 5676.

ASSIMIL or Linguaphone (2nd hand) French course reqd. 8 East Close, W5.

POTTERY Classes in sml priv. studio. 2 & 3 hr sessions. 7s. 6d. & 10s. WIM. 4773.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

CONTINENT. Attractive posts for girls avail. Also wanted, p.q. accommodation and exchanges seaside/country for students. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

A FRIENDLY, informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. for programme to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W1.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 315/46 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays. 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Visaphone Company (Dept NS), 10 Bayley Street, WC1. MUS. 7223.

ON Wednesdays till mid-March you may find my telephone unanswered after 10 a.m. Messages can be left with WHI. 6655 and I am old-fashioned enough to answer letters, to 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8. Anthony Panting, photographer.

PERSONAL—continued

ROCKET base demonstration films (16 mm) for hire, 20 minutes 15s. Details from Eric Walker, 154 Corbyn St, N4. ARC. 7200.

BELGIUM Coast. Holiday flats to let. Write (SAE) 60 Preston Rd, Westcliff O/S.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni. WBL. 6655 for detls.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

ORIGINAL HOLIDAYS

If you want a holiday 'off the beaten track' at a number of new centres in Portugal, Morocco, Southern Spain, Greece and Italy recently discovered by Erna Low on one of her exploring trips, or a good value holiday by the sea or in the mountains, an informal house party in good company, write for our new holiday booklet:

ERNA LOW
Travel Service
47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

YOU can go by air with Wings and the cost of a 15-day holiday to the Austrian Tyrol, including air fare, hotel accommodation and full board, meals on 'planes, etc., is only 37 gns. Or a fortnight on the Costa Brava costs 41 gns. inclusive. Our 32-page programme contains many examples of complete holidays costing little more than normal air fares alone. Wings Limited, 48a Park Road, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001.

1959's most exciting holidays. Gay, different Italian Riviera fortnights from £29. Also enchanting peninsula house party & exclusive tours. Book early (s.a.e.) Miles, 17 Cromleigh Way, Southwick, Brighton.

COMBINE spectacular beauty of gay little Hallstatt on mountain lake in Salzkammergut with excursions to Salzburg Festival, Vienna, etc. Depts 20 July, 3 August. 15 days £33. Venice, Austrian Lakes – exciting two centre holiday in Carinthian Lake District and Venice. Optional excursions Yugoslavia, etc. 15 days, Dep. 17 Aug.: £37 15s. Tom & Phyllis Forman, 135 Pollards Hill South, SW16. (Tel. POL. 2230.)

JOIN a group to Italy's Adriatic Riviera. Modern Pensione close sea. 3½ hours by Viscount direct. Fortnight £45. Rail £28. Even less June, Sept. Do it on the housekeeping! H. F. Caister, 89 Ullswater Rd, N14. FAL. 7528.

HOLIDAYS with a 'difference' are organised for a growing number of people who like unconventional and 'off-beat' holidays away from tourist centres. Our programme includes walking holidays in many parts of Europe, sailing off the Dalmatian Coast, sketching near Lugano, camping in Corsica, exploring Greece, Sicily, Macedonia, etc. A p.c. will bring our programme. R.A. Services Ltd, 48a Park Road, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001.

SELECTED Hotels abroad personally inspected. Indep. travel; tours home/abroad. School parties reduced rates. Seven Seas Services, 32B-119 Oxford St, W1. REG. 4317.

P.S. The attention of all discriminating Holiday makers is drawn to Harold Ingham's advertisement on page 115 for Music Festivals, Language Courses, Art and Architectural Parties and Painting Holidays.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

ANY kind of typing, secretarial work, undertaken. Box 5636.

TYPIST with many years' experience authors' work will gladly accept new MSS. Books, plays, theses, French typewriting, etc. Box 5303.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

LOOKS like print! New style duplicating by Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893. And standard typewriting service.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB. 3772.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HORIZON. Nos 85 (Jan. 1947) to 119 (Nov. 1949), including No. 91 ("The Loved One"). Nos 79, 80 and 84 missing. Good condition. Offers? Box 5481.

'COLOUR and Commonsense', by Kenneth Little. 2s. 8d. from Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

CONTENTS of January Plebs: 'The NCLC Golden Jubilee Dinner', by a Guest; 'The Drama of the Welfare State', by John Taylor, MP; 'Politics in the Irish Republic', by Andrew Boyd; 'German Socialism with a New Look', by Arthur Woodburn, MP; 'Independent Working-Class Education in Africa'; 'Policy Against Inflation', by Paul W. Robinson; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Pars from the Press'; 'Plebs Forum'; 'News of the Movement'; Plebs is 6d. by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

'ROBERT Burns' by William Gallacher; 'Seven Year Plan' by Andrew Rothstein, and 'Outlook for 1959' by R. Palme Dutt. Labour Monthly, 1s. 8d. or 9s. half yearly post free, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'IS There Life Elsewhere in the Universe?' Isaac Asimov speculates on interplanetary communication in February's Astounding Science Fiction, 1s. 9d. On Sale Now.

'13 Ways to Break the Smoking Habit,' by Kurt Salzer, costs only 3s. 6d. in bookshops, less than the price of 20 cigarettes. It may help you! By post 3s. 10d. Duckworth, 3 Henrietta St., London, WC2.

'NATURE Cure Investigated.' 6d. from Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

SONORAMA, le magazine sonore de l'actualité. No. 2 (17s. 6d. post 6d.) se trouve chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

COMF. dble & sgle bed-sitting rms, 3 & 4 gns. Musician's hse. Chw, ckg facs. Use of 'phone & bath. W. Hampstead. Box 5732.

DULWICH. Large b/sit., suit 1 or 2. Sep. k. All facs. 50s. p.w. Box 5738.

PROFESSIONAL lady offers 2 rms, ckng facs, Hampstead flat nr tube. Box 5730.

CONTEMP. bed-sit. for gentleman, use kitchen. £2 15s. GLA. 2624 evgs.

HAMPSTEAD. Large b/sit., c.h., c.h.w., superior Continental house. MAI. 3440.

WELL-furn. b/s-room. Mod. quiet, clean house. Constant h/w. Linen. HAM. 8698.

HAMPSTEAD. Furn. flat, 2 rooms & kit., share bathroom with 1 person; suit married couple. 7 gns. p.w. PRI. 6496.

ATTRACT. Contemp. furn. sgle divan-rm. Suit prof./bus. person. 1 min. from Highgate Tube. 78 Priory Gdns, N6.

FURN. hse, 4 bed., liv.-rm, k. All nationalities; 6 gns. p.w. Eltham. Box 5695.

ROOM & kitchen, 1 or 2 ladies. All conveniences. 4 gns. HAMpstead 2143.

HAMPSTEAD s/c. furn. flat for one. B/s., k. & b. £5. MAI. 6363, 12-2, 4-6 p.m.

FURN. bed/sit., h. & c., cooking facilities. Crouch End. FITzroy 0773.

NON-Establishment male wanted share Kensington flat with 3 similar. WES. 9791

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

CLAPHAM Common, large bed/sit. Suit two young men. Share of additional room and din/kit. 2 gns. each. Phone. Tube 150 yards. Ring MAC 4722 evenings.

HOLLAND Park, W11. To let 2 unfurn. rms, share bthrm & kit. in lady's priv. flat. Suit 1 or 2 prof. or bus ladies, 4½ gns. wkly. Highest refs. essent. Box 5568.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

ST John's Wd. Plnt B/s rm, share bath, kit., tel., etc. 70s. inc. MAI. 0411.

SHARE-a-Flat, 175 Piccadilly, W1. HYD. 2545. The right person or the right flat.

HAMPSTEAD, well-furn. 3-roomed flat, quiet. Tel. Nr Tube. Suit one prof. person, 4½ gns. Cple 6 gns. Box 5565.

KENSINGTON. Sunny b/s, mod. Court, c.h., use k., b. Lady only. WES. 2267.

LARGE, well-furnished room, service, linen, &c., central, suit gentleman, 2½ guineas. MACaulay 1755.

ATTRACTIVE furnished rooms. Hanover Gate, Regents Park. AMB. 3320.

A VERY attractive single bed-sitting room. All amenities. TUD. 8844.

ATTRACT. open-plan single furnished flatlets from £4 15s. WEStern 2783.

HAMPSTEAD – Comfortable Students' Residence, Sharing/Single. Good food – TV – Table-tennis. Close Heath & Stn. HYD. 6524 (Mon. to Fri. 9.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.).

HAMPSTEAD: attract. flat, dble bedsit. rm, own kit. & w.c., c.h.w. In Finchley Rd opp. Platts Lane. 5 gns. HAM. 9155.

COMF. Bed/sit. rm. Oil central heating in private mod. house. Washbasin h. & c. No other tenant. 1 min. Stn NW11. Box 5609.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board 12 Parkhill Rd., East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

B/S. rm, ckg facs, in congenial hsehold Hampstead Gdn Suburb. £2 10s. p.w. inclg cen. htg & c.h.w. SPE. 5807.

LUXURY independent rooms, Hyde Park. All comf., parking space. Also 2 rm flat Chelsea, 7½ gns. No agents. AMB. 6352.

LGE pleas. divan sit.-rm, 8 mins E. Finchley Tube. Ckg facils. Mod. gas fire. Baths, linen etc. 45s. p.w. TUD. 0423.

SERVICE rooms, sgle from £2 15s., dble from £3 15s. C.h.w. No colour bar. Beaut. dec. & furn. hse Bayswater. AMB. 2130.

UNFURNISHED flat for two, near Norbury Station. Vacant May. Box 5591.

CORNWALL (Marazion). Lge s/c flat overlking Mounts Bay. Nr sea, buses, safe bathing. Equipped 5, Intervals exc. Aug. Also s/c studio/flatlet, eqpd 2, not Aug. Box 5733.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE unfurn. 7-room house, Leytonstone, gas-lit, 38s. 6d. exclus., for flat/studio-flat, Hampstead-Cen. London. Box 5512

ANTIQUE and secondhand furniture shop, main road between Harlesden and Edgware Road. Rent £350 inclusive. Flat over and small garden. Exch. for unfurn. London flat with garden – stock optional. Box 5374.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

BLIND Society seeks accom. for active blind girl in Civil Service. Room with cooking facilities, pref. ground or first floor with access to garden for guide dog. Enquiries to Miss B. Elzas, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

YOUNG Man requires accom. & board cen. London, moderate price. Box 5523.

YOUNG prof. lady wants share mod. flat w. Swiss Cottage. Refs. Box 5460.

RUSSIAN stud. sks London acc. with Russ. fam. with wide adv. convers. Box 5510.

IMPECUNIOUS BBC official (Sound) seeks rent flat for two: furn. or part-furn. (s/c. preferred) from 1 March. Reach of Heath, Park, or Kew welcomed. Box 5520.

URGENT. Young couple need semi- or unfurnished flat London or Green Belt area. Baby expected June. Box 5018.

PROPERTIES TO LET

MODERN Furnd. Bungalow, lovely country, nr Lyme Regis, sleep 6; long or short let; moderate. Box 5522.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CONTEMPORARY HOUSES

SOUTHWOOD LANE, HIGHGATE

A few houses for the discriminating will be available in this unique position. Delightful outlook over mature gardens.

Three Bedrooms. Two Reception Rooms. Secluded Patio. Garden and Garage. Electric Central Heating.

£5,750/£6,000. 99 years. Low G.R.

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TWO-room share for sale in jointly-owned house, NW3. Box 5458.

THE National Trust offer long full repairing Leases of four old and picturesque country cottages. All stone built and the majority thatched, in Rural West Wiltshire. Repair and modernisation needed. Main water and electricity available. Apply: Estate Office, Stourton, Warminster, Wiltshire

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
THE ROYAL BALLET
26 Jan. at 7.30 Ondine
31 Jan. at 2.0 Le Lac des Cygnes
COVENT GARDEN OPERA
27 Jan. at 7.30 The Magic Flute
28 & 31 Jan. at 7.30 Salome
29 Jan. at 7.0 Aida (in Italian)
30 Jan. at 7.30 The Bartered Bride
COV. 1066.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
Evenings 7.30
27 Jan. Falstaff
28 Jan. Riders to the Sea, The Telephone, Bluebeard's Castle
29 Jan. The Merry Widow
30 Jan. Madam Butterfly
31 Jan. The Marriage of Figaro

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 2 perfs Today. 5 & 8. 'Through Wooden Eyes'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Non-Stop Revue. 3-yr, fr. 2.30. Sun. 4. Lst wk of 9th Ed. 10th commences 26 Jan.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5 & 8.15. The Long & The Short & The Tall. 'Should run for ever'. S. Graph.

TH. Royal, E15, MAR. 5973, Evgs. 8.0, Sats. 5.0 & 8.0. 'A Taste of Honey'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 30 Jan., 7.45. 'Puerto Franco'. Leonard Peck's new play. Mems.

CONCERTS

APOLLO SOCIETY
Poetry and Music
MAXINE AUDLEY
WILLIAM SQUIRE
JULIAN BREAM
Poems by Milton, Eliot, Hardy.
Recital Room,
Royal Festival Hall
Sunday, 1 Feb., at 7.45
10s., 6s., 3s. (WAT. 3191).

LONDON Philharmonic Orchestra, Town Hall, Hornsey, Wed. 28 Jan. 8 p.m. Beethoven (Symp. No. 8), Schumann (Piano Cto in A minor) & wks by Mendelssohn & Tchaikovsky. Cond. Geoffrey Corbett. Soloist, Susan Slivko. Tkts 3s. 6d., 5s., 6s. 6d. in advance MOU. 1183, or at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Première of new Chinese film, 'New Year Sacrifice' (U). 'Rembrandt – Painter of Man' (U).

LEWISHAM FS. 'Menschen am Sonntag.' 7.45, 29 Jan. Catford Tn Hall. RAV. 2461.

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c 25 Jan. Doris Day, 'Pajama Game' (U.). Cyril Cusack in John Ford's 'Rising of the Moon' (U.).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat., 24 Jan., 8-11 p.m. Mems. 3s. & their guests 5s.

RIALTO Dance Social, Sat. 24 Jan. All welcome. From 7.30. 5s. inc. ref. Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way, WC1.

YOU will certainly enjoy yourself at Unity Theatre's great Party & Dance on Sat., 24 January, 7.30-12. Fancy dress optional, cabaret and licensed bar. Tickets 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Annual New Year Exhibition; also the Robert Banks Collection. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 29 Jan.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. 19-31 Jan. Wolmark, Ben-Tovim, Marshall. Paintings. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings on View. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Drian Artists Exhibition 1959 and Water colours and Inks from Haiti and Alabama by Rene Laubies.

MARLBOROUGH 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Theodor Werner – Paintings: Woty – Tapestries. First Exhibition in England. Closes Feb. 14. Daily 10-5; Sats. 10-12.30.

ULR – Ten Painters: Lanyon, Fussel, Potworowski & others. The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Dly 10-midnight until 31 Jan.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

PICTURE framing, prints, pottery, cards. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. Close to Earls Court Station. Open all day Sat. Tel. FRE. 3328.

WADDINGTON Galleries. The Bombardment of Sakiet and Other Pictures, Peter de Francia. 2 Cork Street, W1. 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Painting by Fontana, Crippa, Dova, Clemente from the Damiano Collection. Until 7 February. Weekdays 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., Members free. Library: Photographs by Charles Damiano. Until 7 February.

LOVIS Corinth: Paintings and drawings. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 February: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thrs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition Nicholas Georgiadis: New Paintings Mary Fedden: continuation of 'Gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Six British Painters: Ballard, Burr, Daniels, Davison, Mason, Whishaw.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, WC2. Recent paintings Marek Zulawski from 7-31 Jan.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Stanley William Hayter: 10 new etchings. Ra van Rossem: The Spirituals & Blues Suite. Weekdays 10-6; Sats 10-1. 6-31 January 1959.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Picture Lending Library Exhibition. Yearly subscription £1 1s. and 7s. 6d. per month per painting.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W1 (GERrard 3529). Winter Miscellany.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

RUSSIAN paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Till 1 March, Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Adrian Heath – Paintings. Hans Reichel – Watercolours. Until 13 February. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

EVIE Hone: Stained glass, paintings, drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 15 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues & Thurs 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
THIS SUNDAY, 25 JAN., 3 p.m.
WILFRID VAN WYCK LTD.
announce
Illustrated Lecture
by
SIR JOHN HUNT
'Mountaineering in Russia'
'British Climbers in The Caucasus'
5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d.
WAT. 3191 and agents.

CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
PUBLIC MEETINGS
Greenwich Town Hall,
Tuesday, 27 January, 7.30 p.m.
Michael Scott,
Mervyn Jones.
Hammersmith Town Hall,
Thursday, 29 January, 8 p.m.
Pat Arrowsmith.
Ritchie Calder.
Professor Joseph Rotblat.
143 Fleet Street, EC4.

Universities and Left Review Club
'DECLINE OF LIBERALISM':
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 26 Jan., 7.30
2s. Mems 1s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 28 Jan., 6.30 sharp: 'Avoiding the Void,' M. O'C. Walshe. Also Saturday Group, 1 Feb., 3 p.m. (readings, discussion and tea – open to all: bring your friends!). Note Summer School dates, 28 Aug.-4 Sept. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way', for all Buddhist news and views. Information TAT. 1313.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INDIA Republic Day: Celebration Meeting Monday 26 January at 7.30 p.m. at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Admission free. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, MP. Indian songs, dances and music. The India League, 31a John Adam Street, WC2.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'Germany Today', Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, MP, Wed., 28 Jan., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC7, 7.30. Vis. 2s. 6d.

'CHILD Psychology': Course of Twelve Lectures commencing 28 January, 6.30 p.m. at ISTD, 8 Bourdon Street, W1. MAY. 3472. Fee 12s 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Literature. French Realist Novelists. Speakers: Professor Lehmann, Elizabeth Chetwynde, Michael Smithies. Chairman: Alan Pryce Jones. Friday, 30 January, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Architecture. Erno Goldfinger: 'The Metropolitan Problem'. Chairman: Professor J. M. Richards. Tuesday, 27 January, 6.30 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz. Dave Lee – Personal choice. Benny Goodman – Vic Bellerby. Wed., 28 January, 8 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d.

ANNA Bolena (Donizetti): lecture-recital by Tom Hammond & singers from Sadlers Wells Opera (excerpts in Italian). Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (near Sadlers Wells), Mon. 26 Jan. 7.30. Adm. free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 23 Jan. 8 p.m. Mrs Jessei Rosen (Donia Nachshen): Russian Painting. Chair: Mrs Elwyn Jones (Pearl Binder). Sun. 25 Jan. 3 p.m. at French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. Russian films: 'Kramskoy & Vrubel'; 'The Fighter & The Clown'. Fri. 30 Jan. at 24 KPG, 8 p.m. Mark Dignam: 'Shakespearean Actors in Soviet Union'. Chair: A. Van Gyseghem.

SHAW Society: Dr V. Purcell ('Myra Buttle' of 'The Sweeniad') on 'Satire & the Establishment'; 7 Albemarle St, W1, 30 Jan., 7 p.m. Non-mems 2s. 6d.

IND. Comm. celebrate Rep. Day. R. P. Dutt: India & the Lab. Move. 29 Jan 7 p.m. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

LONDON Mailis celebrates the Indian Republic Day. Prof. Basham: India, past & present. National songs, refreshments. 30 Jan. 7 p.m. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sun. 25 Jan. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Rev. C. C. Stimson, 'Brotherhood of the Way'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 25 Jan. J. Hutton Hynd, 'The Extension of Human Sympathy' (200th Anniv. Robert Burns). Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 27 Jan. D. Stark Murray, MD, 'What are the Doctors Saying?'

IWC London Branch. Fri. 30 Jan. 8.30 p.m. 'Islam', Mr Iqbal Ahmad, BA. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Free.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall. 7.45 p.m. Wed. 28 Jan. 'Matter and Materialism'. Admission free.

GRODDECK on Woman. Oscar Kollerström, Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, SW1, 26 Jan., 8.15 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Bhagavad-Gita. 29 Jan. 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: 'Swami Vivekananda & His Work in the West'.

PEACE films about nuclear warfare, race relations, war on want, non violence, etc., of interest to all workers for peace. Friends Peace Committee. Sat. 31 Jan., 2.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd. Tkts (incl. tea) 4s. 6d. and s.a.e., from Rex Phillips, 32 Elm Grove, Orpington.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 31 January at 6 p.m. M. Chaline (Alliance Française): Versailles et Louis XIV.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 25 January, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. Geoffrey Elkan: 'Mystical Experience and Human Knowledge'.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun., 25 Jan., 8 p.m. 'Patanjali: an Interpretation.' ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD. 0688).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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The Shropshire Adult College.
Residential week-end courses.

SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT AND METHOD – 6 to 8 February, 1959. An attempt to bridge the gap between scientist and layman by looking at the nature of scientific thinking and its impact on the world today. Presented by scientists from Keele Hall, led by PROFESSOR F. A. VICK.

MAN AGAINST THE DESERTS, HUNGER AND DISEASE – 20 to 22 February, 1959. This course will consider some of the great and constructive projects now being put forward by the world organisations. Lecturers RITCHIE CALDER and PETER COLLINS.

Enquiries to The Warden, Attingham Park, Shrewsbury.

SHORT Courses at Urchfont Manor, Wilts, week-end: Psychology; Ionesco; World Affairs; Humanism. Easter Week: The Concept of Mind. Whitsun: Bird Watching. August: Family Courses. For details write to the Warden.

FRENCH conversation. Beginners' courses, discussion groups, private lessons. Lunch hour classes. Correspondence courses (all grades). GCE (London & Oxford) full-time day courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, London, WC2 (Opposite Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SELF-expression on the piano. Voice training. Musical knowledge unnecessary. David Hadda, LRAM. GLA. 8358.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

ACTING & Speech; children's Saturday classes, Shepherd's Hill School; also students by arrangement. Ada Brown Mather, 15 Muswell Hill Road, N10.

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SEVEN-day Courses in Dramatic Art under Professional Stage Staff. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, London. Starting April 5, July 5, July 26, Aug. 2, Aug. 9. Eve. Course, Aug. 17. £8 8s. and £5 5s. Syllabus from Director, Marian Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

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